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(TRADE MARK)

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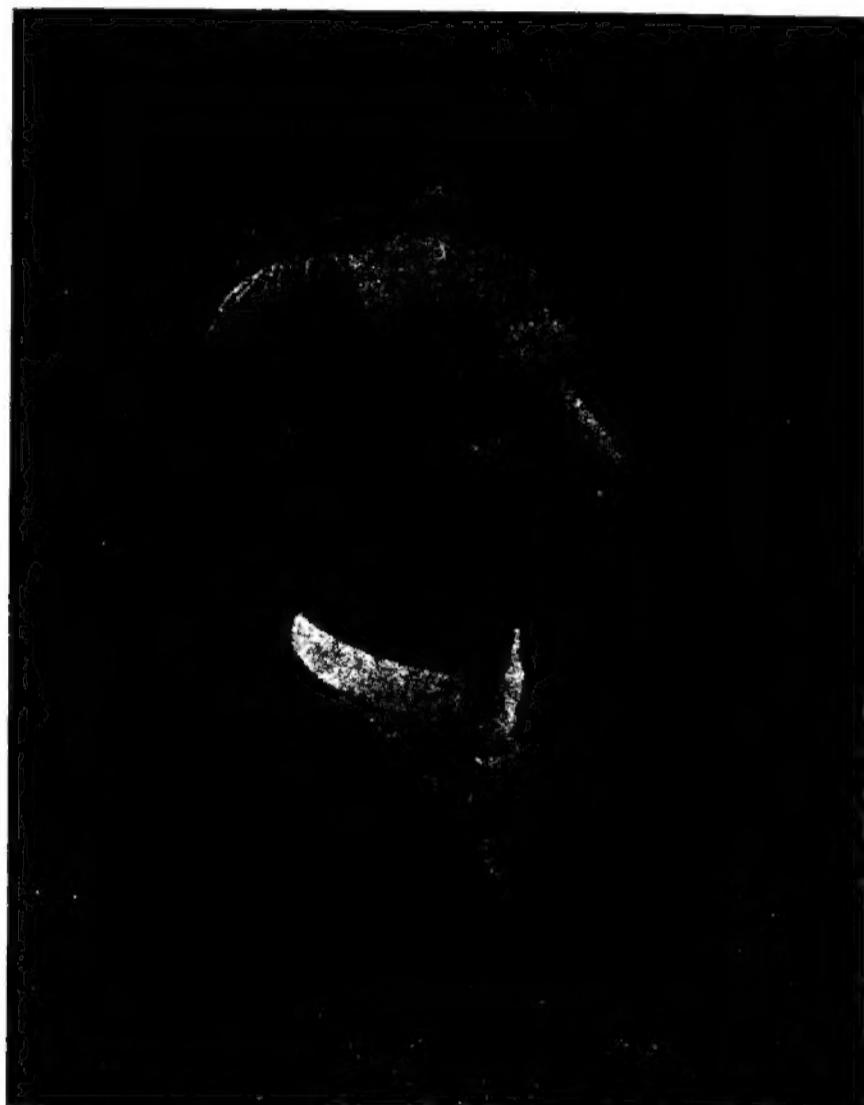
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THE HON. ALEX. LACOSTE, Senator.
(Topley, photo.)



D. M. MACPHERSON, Pres. Dominion Dairymen's Association
(W. G. Martin, photo.)



DALTON McCARTHY, Q.C., M.P.
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CLÉOPHAS BEAUSOLEIL, M.P.
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The Dominion Illustrated.

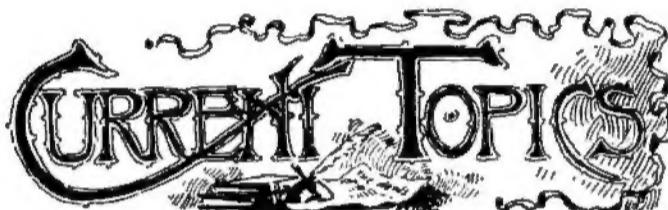
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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

We are engraving excellent views of the Toronto University, before and after the fire, and interior views of the ruins, convocation hall, the museum and the eastern portion of the main building, which will be valuable records of the disaster. The series will be published in the next number.



Those who are concerned in the making, selling and buying of cheese and butter have reason to congratulate themselves on the results of the recent Dairymen's Convention. All the provinces were represented by energetic and enterprising men, and the papers read and the discussions that ensued were all of practical interest. The organization of a Dominion Association is the goal of long and persevering efforts on the part of a few zealous members of the Quebec and Ontario societies to put these great industries on a sound and progressive basis. It is also a fresh starting point for one of the most important branches of Canadian agriculture and is sure to be fruitful of good. The appointment of a dairy commissioner is a step in the right direction, and the supervision that this officer will exercise over the manufacture of butter especially cannot fail to be beneficial. Professor Robertson, who has been selected to fill this position, is a gentleman of long and comprehensive experience, with a thorough knowledge of all the points connected with his new sphere of duty. The improvement of our butter is greatly to be desired, especially in view of the competition that it has to face in the British market. The re-election of Mr. D. M. McPherson as president of the Association must give general satisfaction. No gentleman, engaged in dairying in the Dominion, has done more by his example to show the great possibilities of Canada in connection with this important industry. The other officers, chosen from all parts of Canada, are all men of mark in their own provinces and districts. The re-election of the secretary, Mr. J. C. Chapais, and of the treasurer, Mr. H. S. Foster, is a deserved proof of the confidence reposed in those gentlemen. The convention was fortunate in obtaining the sympathy and co-operation of the Hon. John Carling, Minister of Agriculture.

It is satisfactory to know that enlightened citizens of the French Republic are becoming more and more interested in Canadian affairs, and that the great advantages that Canada offers for settlement are being ably urged upon both the government and the people. A few weeks ago an interesting series of addresses were delivered, in connection with the Alliance Française, in the hall of the French Geographical Society, the Count

Colonna Ceccaldi, vice-president of the Alliance, in the chair. M. Salone, who visited Canada some time ago, gave a historical sketch of the progress of the country since its cession to England, dwelling on the growth of the people from a mere handful to a great nation, on the struggle for constitutional liberty, on the survival of the French language and traditional usages and the attachment of the people to their ancient mother country. The secretary, M. Foncin, then introduced Mgr. Labelle, as a patriotic Canadian, who had devoted his zeal and energies to the cause of colonization, and the reverend gentleman gave an account of the settlements that he had established in the woodlands north of Montreal. Though 40,000 had been placed there, mainly through his own exertions, he pointed out that there was still room for myriads, and invited any of his French kinsmen who desired a comfortable and happy home, in the midst of a community of their own race and speaking their own tongue, to come to Canada, where they would be heartily welcomed. Mgr. Labelle pointed out that his great aim was to divert the current of European emigration—especially that of France—from the United States to Canada. His remarks were greeted with applause and his mission promises to be successful.

Sir Charles Dilke, having given his estimate of all the old-world powers, their statesmen and their armies, has turned his attention to Canada. "Canada, like Switzerland," he writes, "seems to have reached the ideal of a federal power as traced by de Tocqueville when he said that what was needed was that the central power should be given immense prerogatives, and should be energetic in its action towards the provinces, whilst the provinces themselves were to have perfect local freedom, the sphere of the central power being strictly defined by the constitution. Canada possesses the combination of central dignity and strength of government, with local liberty and variety in the provinces, and when the completion of the federation of Australia by the entrance into it of the mother colony, if not of New Zealand, presents us with a similar picture at the other extremity of the Pacific, three English-speaking Federal powers will dominate that greatest ocean of the world. Canadian federation is declared by Sir Henry Parkes to be the model on which the future institutions of the British states of Australia are to be built up."

The Dominion Fruit Growers' Convention has been an undoubted success. It was opened by an address from the Hon. John Carling, whose long official experience, both in Ontario and the Dominion, has enabled him to watch the development of this phase of our industrial life for more than twenty years. The first organization of the kind was the Ontario Association, which has shown great zeal and activity in conducting and collating experiments, in promoting and taking part in exhibitions and in the diffusion of special literature. Mr. Carling described the surprise and admiration which the Canadian fruit exhibit caused in England on the occasion of the Colonial Exhibition. Now that every province from Nova Scotia to British Columbia is represented in one comprehensive society, the triumphs gained in the past will be surely excelled by victories to come. We gave a sketch some time ago of what had been achieved in British Columbia. The trade with the East, which had already been inaugurated, promised to become one of the most thriving commercial move-

ments in the Pacific Province. The subject of transportation was pretty fully discussed at Ottawa, Mr. A. McD. Allan, of Goderich, dealing with it in a carefully written paper. The addresses of Prof. Penhallow (the president) and of Prof. Saunders, director of the experimental farm, were both instructive and inspiring. The judges, two American gentlemen, were astonished at the display before them, and expressed their admiration of the fine pears from British Columbia—an earnest of what that young province will accomplish when it has fairly girded itself to the task before it. The affiliation of its society to that of Ontario will be sure to work well, while the combination of all the provinces for a common end will work still better. Union is strength, and that fresh effort is needed to give Canadian fruit its due place, even in our own markets, was shown by the importation last year, to which the Hon. Mr. Carling called attention, of foreign fruit to the value of \$433,470. All, or nearly all, this fruit—apples, peaches, grapes, etc.—we might just as well, as the Minister of Agriculture pointed out, have produced in our own orchards and vineyards.

The Rev. Prof. Bryce, of Manitoba College, read an interesting paper some time ago before the Historical and Scientific Society of Winnipeg, in which he traced the history of the Selkirk settlement until the transfer of the North-West to Canada, and sketched the rise and proceedings of the various provisional governments that preceded the organization of the province. This paper has been published in pamphlet form, with an appendix containing copies of the "Bill of Rights," in the various shapes through which it passed before it was finally submitted to the Dominion Government by the delegates, Judge Black, Father Ritchot and Mr. A. H. Scott. In this last form a copy of it was found among the papers of Thomas Bunn, secretary of Riel's government, a transcript of which, made by Dr. Bryce, is in possession of the Historical and Scientific Society. There is also a French copy, substantially the same. On the 27th of December last Archbishop Taché published a copy in the *Free Press*, which differs in some important particulars from the Bunn copy. The chief point of divergence is the insertion in the *Free Press* document of a clause relating to separate schools and the distribution of the school tax. All the four copies agree, however, in making the use of both languages in the Legislature and Courts one of the conditions of admission to the Dominion.

The last volume issued by the Archives Bureau equals (in some respects, surpasses) its predecessors in historical interest. Not the least valuable portion of it is the address delivered by Mr. Brymner before the American Historical Association a year ago last December, in which we have an authentic account of the origin and organization of the Bureau. The completion of the calendar of the Haldimand papers is additional evidence of the judgment, painstaking and perseverance of the Archivist. The Bouquet Calendar reveals the same qualities. The wealth of historical material in both these collections—notwithstanding the casualty that overtook Col. Bouquet's papers in 1759, cannot be over-estimated. The volume contains contributions of great value to our sources of early North-Western history—the Journal of La Verendrye, etc. The Archivist's special Report to the Minister shows his usual judicious selection of rare tid-bits of history which has made the yearly

issue of the volume such a welcome event to all earnest students. In fact, Mr. Brymner's work (as well as that of his colleague, Mr. J. Marmette) has won the praise of experts in the technique of archaeological research and classification in both the old world and the new. We have prepared a more adequate notice of the Report, which has been kept over through press of matter, but will appear in our next issue.

THE LANGUAGE QUESTION.

The controversy which has of late been agitating Parliament and the country is not a new one in Canada, but we had been flattering ourselves that the subject had been exhausted, a settlement reached, and that it should trouble us no more. When in September, 1760, Canada finally passed into the possession of Great Britain, all the inhabitants, save the officers and soldiers of the victorious army, spoke a single language. French had been the speech of the country for nearly a century and a half. The first legislative act adopted under British domination recognized it as the language of Canada. That was General Amherst's *Placart* of September 22, 1760. But it was not long till a rival disputed its ascendancy and tried to oust it from its vantage ground of official recognition. While the military régime lasted, no serious conflict seems to have arisen. But civil government had hardly been established when the French, or "new subjects" of the king, found occasion to protest against certain inconveniences due to the exclusive use in public documents of a language which they did not understand. The presentation of the first Grand Jury for the district of Quebec was followed by a protest on the part of the Canadian jurors against the tenor of a paper which they had themselves been induced to sign. Governor Murray cordially sympathized with them in their complaint, and provided against any repetition of the guile that had been practised on them, by insisting that in future all such documents should be drawn up in both languages. All through his administration Governor Murray showed himself disposed to deal fairly with the French section of the community, and strongly opposed the attempts of certain persons who would have treated them with injustice. He complained to the Lords of Trade that the Chief Justice and other officials were ignorant of French, and it was at his suggestion that the Lords of the Committee of Plantation affairs advised that the judges should have the assistance of French-Canadian lawyers.

The British Government, indeed, in the early years of its domination, appears to have taken it for granted that French should maintain its place. The opinion also seems to have prevailed that there was a considerable number of French Protestants in the colony. In his Report, dated June 5, 1762, Governor Murray himself who, by that time, must have known something about Canada and its inhabitants, writes: "There are some few French Protestants in the country who no doubt will be willing to remain." From a document published in the last volume of Archives Reports on the state of religion in Canada in 1790, it is evident that the estimate of the extent of the French Protestant population was far in excess of anything that Governor Murray's words justified. It is there stated that in the year 1762 "it was represented to Government that there were a vast number of French Protestants in Canada, for whose benefit it would be well to send out clergy-

men who could preach in that language." Three such clergymen were sent out—Messrs. De Montmollin, Vizière or de Veyssière, and De Lisle, for Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal, respectively. This mission proved in every way disappointing, the French services having gradually ceased for lack of hearers. It shows, however, that whatever may have prompted the choice of French-speaking ministers, the policy of the British Government was not adverse to the use of the French language, and the choice of lay officials tends to the same conclusion. Nor, in any of the petitions or addresses of the period between the conquest and the coming into force of the Quebec Act, is there any expression implying that the king's new subjects in Canada felt themselves hindered or embarrassed in the use of their mother tongue. In the correspondence between leading representatives of the two sections of the population on the subject of an Assembly, we find that the English secretaries generally accommodated themselves to the convenience of the French committees by writing in French. M Cugnet, moreover, in laying before Mr. Fraser a petition, which he deemed adapted to the circumstances and wants of both portions of the community, suggested that it should be presented in French alone, "puisque tous les anciens sujets l'entendent."

In the interval between 1774 and 1791 there was a good deal of agitation. In the early part of that period the two races were drawn together by the ties of common danger, common interest and common loyalty. Then came a season of crisis, of temptation, of much discussion, of Loyalist settlement and the division of the province. By that time England had learned that the French-Canadians could neither be drawn nor driven into abandonment of their faith or of their language. The French Revolution had but a slight and transient effect on the province, though it quickened the pulse of some of the younger men. But in the struggle for constitutional liberty they found a wholesome outlet for their intellectual energies. The dual language question was the theme of the first spirited debate in the Assembly of Lower Canada. It was moved that the journals of the House should be kept in two registers, French and English. Mr. John Richardson, one of the members for Montreal East, proposed to amend the motion by a declaration that English was the legal language. Thereupon followed a conflict of opinion which resulted in the defeat of the amendment by a vote of 26 to 13. The original motion was then carried unanimously, and a few days later a thorough understanding was reached. It was resolved that every bill presented should be read in each language, and that every member had a right to use his mother tongue. "Thus," says an English historian, "this matter, which at one moment threatened to disturb the equanimity of the House and kindle national animosities among the members, was compromised and settled down in the resolution cited, which, being made a rule of the House, was ever afterwards cheerfully observed, and worked to the satisfaction of all." It is still more noteworthy that (as pointed out by Sir John Macdonald in his speech on the McCarthy bill) in the Upper Canadian Legislature it was agreed by a motion passed in June, 1793, that, for the benefit of the French people of Western Ontario, the resolutions of the House should be translated into French, Mr. W. A. Macdonald, of Glengarry, being the first to

undertake the task. This concession was all the more gracious as it was entirely voluntary on the part of the chamber.

For fifty years—the half century between the passage of the Constitutional Act and the union of the Canadas in 1841—the *modus vivendi* was observed to the satisfaction of both elements. Lord Durham had, however, in the famous Report that bears his name, commended the official use of the English language alone, as one of the conditions on which the two provinces should be re-united. Consequently the Union Act abolished the employment of the French language "in all documents having to do with the new Legislature and its proceedings." It did not, however, prohibit translations being made so long as they were not kept among the records of the Council or Assembly. Practically, this clause of the Act was from the beginning a dead letter, so far as the proceedings in the chambers were concerned, the French members speaking their mother tongue when they chose to do so—many of them adhering to it for the sake of principle rather than because they found any difficulty in the use of English. In fact, during the years of interdict, the French language was heard far more frequently in the debates than it has been under the régime of equality. In 1845 an address was presented to the Queen in favour of its restoration, and by an act passed in 1848 the obnoxious clauses were repealed.

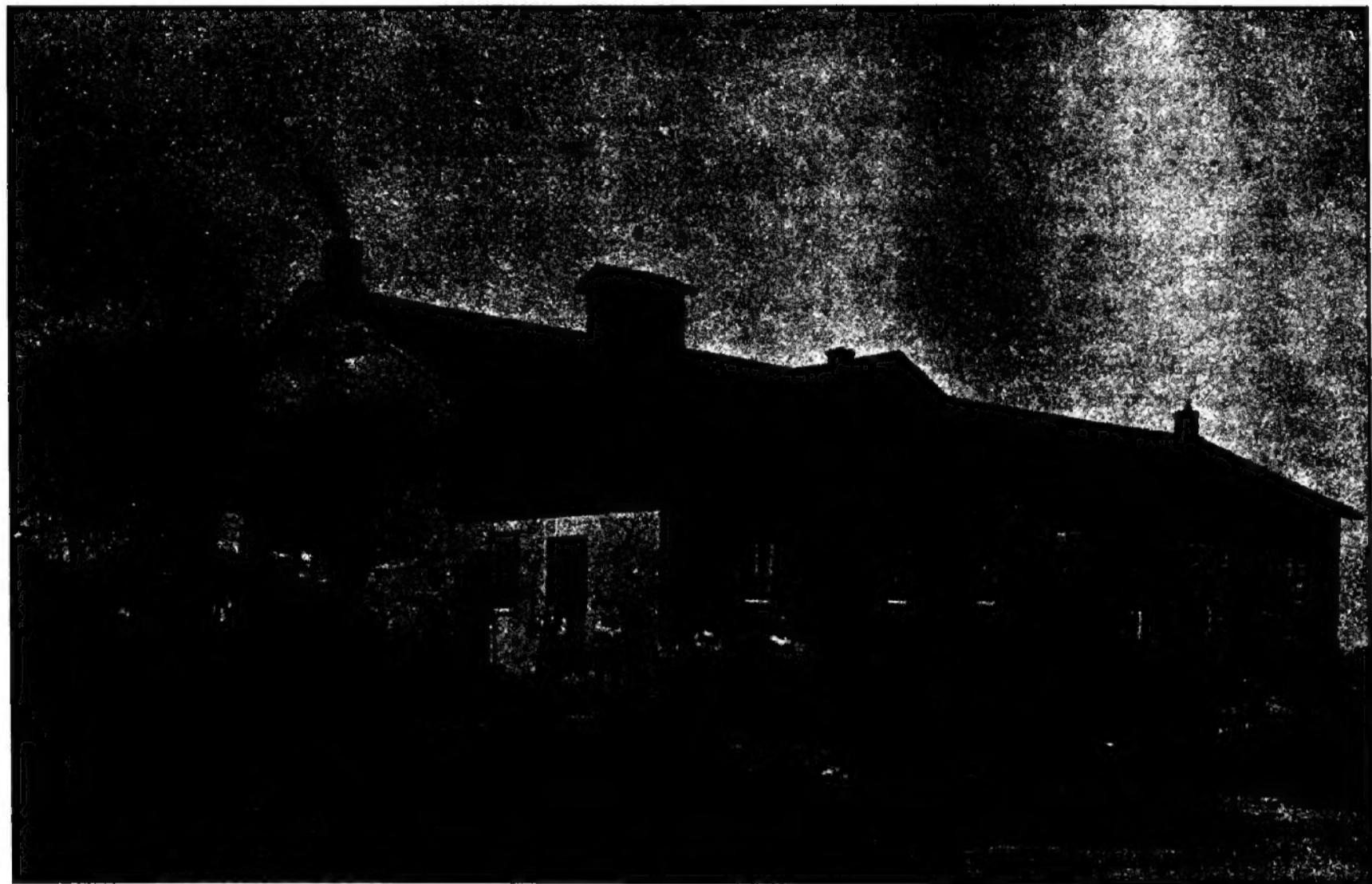
The British North America Act, being practically a Canadian measure, avoided the mistake of the Union Act. It made the two languages equal under the Government of the Dominion, and in the Province of Quebec. In the North-West, when Manitoba was organized into a province, the French tongue had the numerical preponderance, and it was, moreover, deemed in harmony with the historical associations of a region which had been so largely explored, opened up and settled by Frenchmen as well as Englishmen, that the languages of both should be placed on the same footing under the new administration. That such should be the case was certainly one of the demands in the "bill of rights" which formed the basis of the compromise of 1870. In the same document, it is true, the utmost freedom was asked for the local legislatures, and it is one of the strongest planks in our federal platform that provincial independence should be strictly observed. Ultimately, therefore, this question would have been dealt with by those specially concerned, in every instance where it is a local or provincial question, and whatever may have been the motive for thrusting it upon the arena of parliament, such action can only have been taken at the risk of reviving or intensifying passions and prejudices most detrimental to the well-being of the nation. Happily, the moderation of our leading public men has triumphed, and the question has been settled in the manner best calculated to satisfy the claims of justice and to promote peace and good will.

TRIOLET.

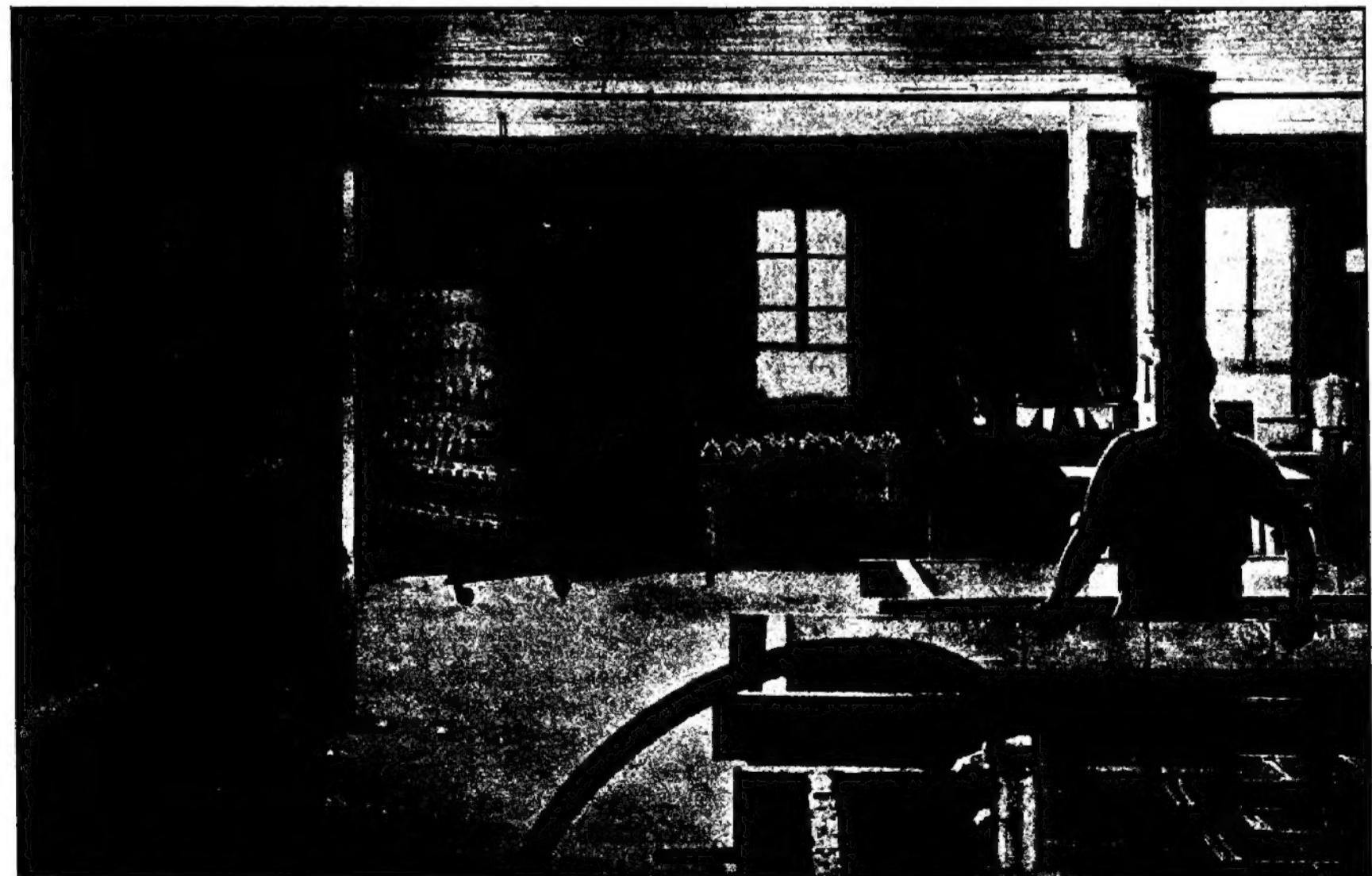
O, Triolet, when thou wast young
Would any dare to call thee light?
Thy voice was as a Mass-bell rung,
O Triolet, when thou wast young,
But, falling idle hands among,
Thou wast in laughing measures dight.
O Triolet, when thou was young
Would any dare to call thee light?

WILLIAM CARMAN ROBERTS.

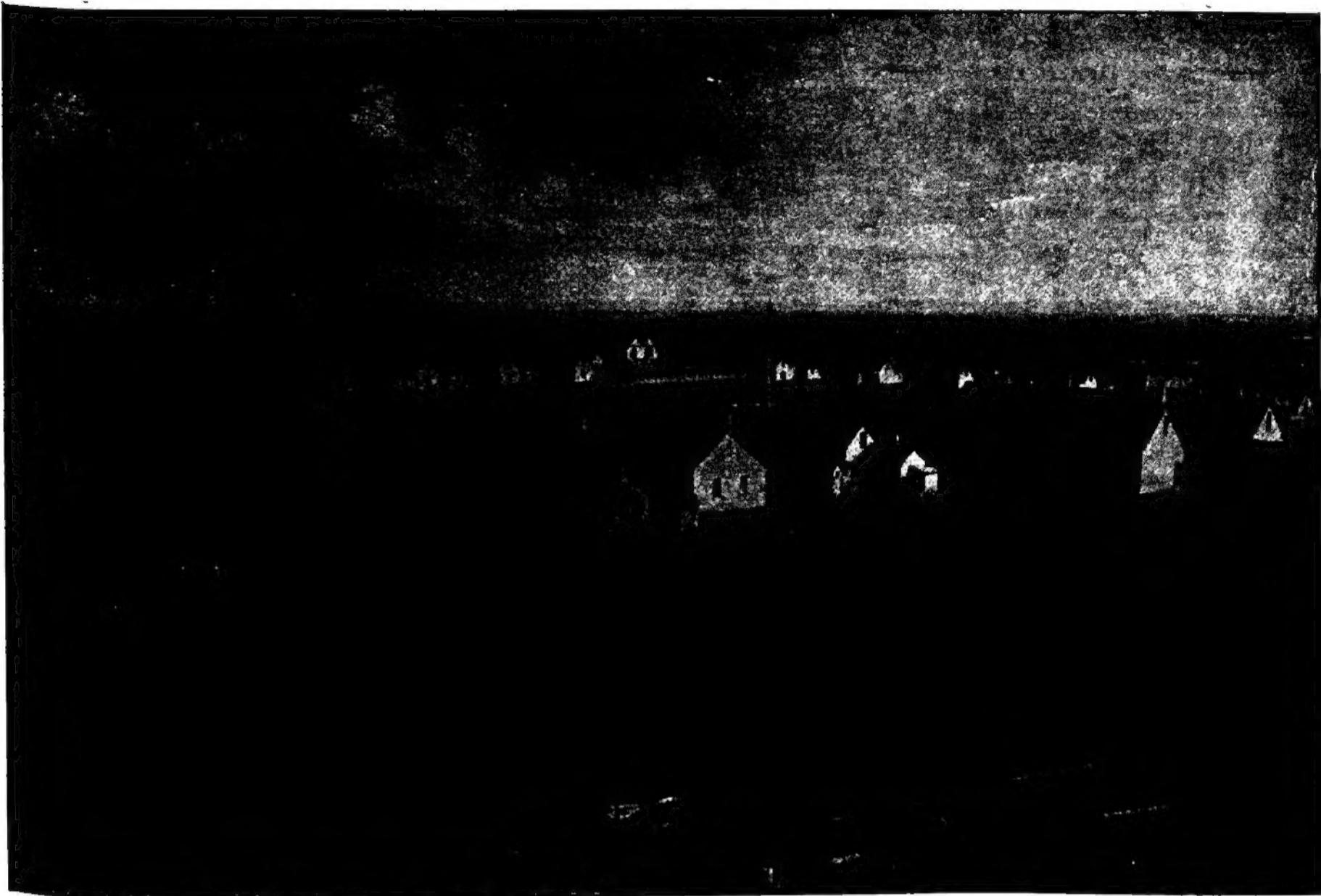
The Rectory, Fredericton, N.B.



OUR CANADIAN INDUSTRIES.—EXTERIOR OF A CHEESE FACTORY, IN GLENGARRY CO., ONT.
(J. C. Patrick, photo.)



OUR CANADIAN INDUSTRIES.—INTERIOR OF CHEESE FACTORY: THE PINE APPLES.
(J. C. Patrick, photo.)



THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE BARRACKS AT REGINA, FROM THE TOP OF THE RIDING SCHOOL.
(E. Lane Rice, photo.)



THE OLD PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO.



THE HON. ALEXANDRE LACOSTE, D.C.L., Q.C., SENATOR.—This gentleman, whose portrait appears in our present issue, is a well known and highly esteemed citizen of Montreal. Senator Lacoste is a son of the late Hon. Louis Lacoste, Senator, by Marie Antoinette Thais Proulx. He was born in Boucherville on the 12th of January, 1842, and was educated at St. Hyacinthe College and Laval University, of which he is a graduate and a professor in the Law Faculty. He was called to the Bar in 1863, and was made a Queen's Counsel in October, 1880. He was Bâtonnier for the district of Montreal from May 1, 1879, to May 1, 1881. Mr. Lacoste was a member of the Legislative Council of this province from March 4, 1882, until January 12, 1884, when he was called to the Senate.

MR. D. M. MACPHERSON, PRESIDENT OF THE DOMINION DAIRYMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—This gentleman, of whom we give a portrait on another page of this issue, is well known as the leading representative of the dairy industry in the Dominion. He was born in Lancaster, County of Glengarry, on the 17th of November, 1847, and is a son of the late Mr. John Macpherson, a native of Kingussie, Scotland, who was born in the year 1797, and came to Canada with his family in the year 1801, settling on the homestead now occupied by his son. Mr. Macpherson's mother was Catherine Cameron, daughter of the Hon. John Cameron, of Fairfield Farm, Summertown, who represented Glengarry County from 1815 to 1832 in the early legislature of Ontario. Mrs. Macpherson, who was in every respect an estimable woman, died in 1860. Mr. Macpherson, senior, was one of the leading agriculturists of the County of Glengarry, and by his industry and thrift, he set his son the example which he has followed to such good advantage. He was a captain of the Glengarry Militia, and when he died at the age of 72, he had amassed a handsome competency. The career of Mr. D. M. Macpherson, especially in connection with the dairy industry, is related in the article on that subject in another portion of this issue. He has been corresponding editor of the dairy department of the *Livestock Journal*, of Hamilton. In 1871 Mr. Macpherson married Margaret, daughter of Mr. Duncan MacBean, of Front Lancaster. By religious profession he is a Protestant, and in politics a Liberal.

MR. DALTON McCARTHY, Q. C., M. P.—This well known lawyer and parliamentarian is, as his name suggests, of Irish origin. His grandfather, Bucknell Henry McCarthy, was a member of the Irish Bar; his father was a solicitor of Dublin, in which city Mr. McCarthy was born on the 10th of October, 1836. Having been educated in part at the Rev. Dr. Harman's school, Blackrock, and at the famous school of the Rev. Dr. Flynn, of Dublin. Mr. McCarthy came to Canada, while still in his teens, and for a time attended Barrie Grammar School. Having studied law with a diligence which gave promise of the success which he was destined to attain in his chosen profession, he was in 1859 called to the Bar of Upper Canada. His ability and trustworthiness were quickly recognized, and he early gained a reputation as a pleader. In December, 1872, he was made Q.C. He has also been for many years one of the Benchers of the Law Society. His talents as a speaker and his known interest in public affairs soon caused Mr. McCarthy to be regarded as one who would make a figure in political life. He was, however, defeated in his first attempt to enter Parliament for his present constituency, but in December, 1876, the electors of Cardwell enabled him to realize his ambition. At the general elections of 1878, it was intimated to Mr. McCarthy that he would probably be elected if he presented himself again in North Simcoe, and the forecast was fulfilled. The campaign of that year was one of the most important in Canadian political history, as on the result it depended whether the policy of Canada for years to come should be free trade or protectionist. Mr. McCarthy did his share of service on behalf of the triumphant cause. Until last year the member for North Simcoe was unwavering in his allegiance to the Conservative party, with which, in its main principles, he still professes sympathy. On the question of disallowing the Jesuits' Estates Act, he followed the lead of Col. O'Brien, and has since been a valiant fighter in the "Equal Rights" brigade. He took especially a prominent part in the dual language and separate schools controversy, and constituted himself the champion of the English-speaking residents of the North-West Territories in demanding the abolition of French, as an official language, in the four Districts. His measure for that purpose aroused a discussion which was carried on with considerable asperity both in the House of Commons and in the press. An amendment by Mr. Beausoleil, M.P., would have left matters in *status quo*. The Hon. Mr. Blake proposed, but withdrew another amendment and gave his adhesion to that of the Hon. Sir John Thompson, Minister of Justice, which was accepted by the House by a vote of 149 to 50. Mr. McCarthy disclaims any intention of exciting racial antagonism. In private life his generous disposition and genial manner have made him many friends. In 1867 he married Emma Catherine, daughter of Mr. Edmund Lally, of Barrie, after whose death he married Agnes Elizabeth, widow of Mr. Richard B. Bernard. Mr. Mc-

Carthy has been president of the Agricultural Society of North Simcoe and of the West Riding Society, and is president of the Canadian Imperial Federation League.

MR. CLEOPHAS BEAUSOLEIL, M.P., FOR BERTHIER, P.Q., ETC.—Mr. Cleophas Beausoleil, who moved the sub-amendment to Mr. Dalton McCarthy's bill for the abolition of the French language in the North-West, is a native of this province, having been born at St. Félix de Valois, Joliette County, in the year 1844. His parents were among the earliest settlers in the parish, where they won for themselves a position of influence and the esteem of their neighbours. Mr. Beausoleil studied at the College of Ste. Therèse, and, having acquired a fair knowledge of classics as well as of the ordinary branches of instruction, he began his career, like many of our prominent public men, on the staff of a newspaper. After doing daily duty for a time in the office of *Le Nouveau Monde*, he launched out into independent journalism by starting an evening paper known as *Le Bien Public*. That was in 1870. A few years later, during the Mackenzie administration, he was, with Messrs. Lajoie, Perkins and Seath, appointed official syndic. On the defeat of the Liberal Government in 1878, Mr. Beausoleil determined to complete his legal studies and enter on the practice of his profession. In 1879 he was admitted to the Bar, and soon after formed a partnership with Mr. J. P. Martineau. In 1881 he and his partner associated themselves with the Hon. Mr. Mercier, M.P.P., and Mr. Choquette, the name of the new firm being Mercier, Beausoleil, Choquette and Martineau. In 1882 he was elected to represent St. James Ward in the City Council, a position which he held for five years. In the spring of 1887 he was elected a member of the Federal Parliament for the County of Berthier, his opponent being Mr. Joseph Robillard, of Lanorai. Mr. Beausoleil's amendment to the amendment—which was to the intent that the *status quo* should remain unchanged—was lost by a vote of 117 to 63.

A CHEESE FACTORY, EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR VIEW.—Formerly all the business of the dairy was transacted in a single building, often an outhouse or extension of the homestead. The factory system has wrought a far-reaching transformation in these matters. The first attempt at a cheese factory on this continent was made in the year 1844 by Mr. Lewis Norton, of Connecticut. It does not appear to have been successful, but a second trial was made several years later by Mr. Jessie Williams, of Rome, New York. In this case a father and son were partners at first, but by and by the neighbours brought their milk to the common stock and gradually the advantage of combination was acknowledged. Mr. Torrington introduced the new plan into Ontario, but it remained for Mr. D. M. Macpherson, the cheese king, of Lancaster, to prove by example that the system might be extended so as to include a virtually unlimited partnership of factories. He has at present more than seventy establishments under his administration, which he manages as much to the satisfaction of the farmers who bring him their milk as to his own advantage. It is one of these that forms the subject of our illustrations. A cheese factory, says Mr. Henry Stewart, consists of a building adapted to the requirements of the machinery used in the manufacture, for the proper reception of the milk and for the curing of the cheese. It is provided with a steam boiler for heating purposes, a curing room for storing the cheese, and apartments for the manager. It should be constructed in such a manner as to maintain an equal and steady temperature with economical consumption of fuel, and be connected with effective drainage by which the refuse whey may be carried off to a safe distance. A frame building with an eight or ten-inch air space between the inner and outer walls and protected by air-proof lining, answers every desirable purpose. The ground floor should be amply spacious, and a two-story building with curing-room above is the cheapest. As even temperature and a stable condition of moisture and good ventilation are required, it would seem that a basement curing room would be preferable to any other. The site should be on high, airy well-drained ground, with a permanent supply of good water in the vicinity. The style of the building may vary according to the owner's taste. The apparatus in use in an ordinary cheese factory are the weighing can, the conducting pipe, the vats, the curd knives, one for vertical, one for horizontal cutting, the curd mill, and the gang press. The milk having a temperature of about eighty degrees, having been well stirred, the rennet is added, and in due time the curd, separated from the whey, is heated till it has attained the solidity required. Here points of difference in the treatment come in according to the make of the cheese—the Canadian, Cheddar, Cheshire and other cheeses owing their distinctive qualities to certain peculiar processes. These technical questions we will not, however, venture to discuss. Suffice it to say that our Canadian cheese makers are thoroughly masters of their mystery or *métier*, and that Mr. Macpherson is always pleased to show visitors his *modus operandi*. The apartment, of which one of our engravings gives a view, shows the milk conductor and some of the vats, and reveals some tempting pine-apple cheeses in various stages of curing. The men and boys employed have an intelligent, healthy and contented look, which implies that they understand and like their work and that it likes them. Order and perfect cleanliness are evidently the rule in that factory. The outside view is equally striking. The owner has chosen his site with care, and the buildings have an appearance of solidity and neatness, and everything bespeaks thrift and prosperity. The fine wain, with its sturdy team, in front of the office, and the group of young fellows with their bicycles—their usual means of conveyance apparently—give the impression of a well-to-do and energetic

community. They are not bad representatives of one of our most flourishing industries.

N. W. MOUNTED POLICE BARRACKS, REGINA.—In this engraving our readers have a view of the headquarters of the admirable force which for many years has been invaluable in maintaining order in the North-West. The North-West Mounted Police were first organized in 1874, and are under the control of the Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs, Lieut. Col. F. White holding the position of commandant, and Lieut.-Col. L. W. Herchmer being Chief Commissioner. The other officers are Inspecting Superintendent, Superintendent, Inspectors, Surgeon, Assistant Surgeons and Veterinary Surgeons. The force, which numbers between 1,000 and 1,100 officers and men, is distributed in patrols, according to divisions and stations—the formers known by letters "A" to "K," the latter named from localities. The depot at Regina comprises over 200 men and about 125 horses and mules. The barracks have undergone repairs and enlargement. Our engraving gives a good general view of the building and the neighbourhood from a vantage-ground that commands a fair prospect.

OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE, TORONTO.—From the years when Muddy Little York became Niagara's successful rival to the inauguration of the federal régime, Toronto has been transformed again and again, so that the old landmarks—Castle Frank, Russell Abbey, and the later vice-regal palaces which preceded the present dispensation, are now of an interest that is altogether antiquarian. Most of them have been overtaken by the destroyer, to whose ravages Toronto University lately fell a victim. Others are doomed to disappear before the march of improvement, if they escape more abrupt dissolution. The associations that gather around these memorials of a day that is dead, have been well described by the Rev. Dr. Scadding, in his "Toronto of Old," while their natural surroundings have been effectively depicted in the pages of "Picturesque Canada." To these and to the fine memorial volume of Dr. Scadding and the late Mr. Dent we refer our readers for interesting particulars concerning the Old Government House.

THE LOWER RIDEAU FALLS: IN SUMMER AND IN WINTER.—As our readers are aware, the Rideau, long familiar by reputation to dwellers on both sides of the Atlantic from the famous canal of Colonel By, derives its suggestive name from the resemblance of the falls at its mouth to a curtain of water. There are, in fact, two such curtains, and it is the lower one that is presented in our engraving. Though not so picturesque as the wildly "dashing, silver-flashing surges" of the Chaudière or Caldron at the other side of the city, the Rideau has a graceful beauty of its own, which makes it one of the chief charms in a landscape which for manifold features of interest is unsurpassed almost anywhere. The summer view is, of course, more acceptable to lovers of nature than its bleak winter aspect. The latter will, however, be appreciated as a characteristic instance of the contrast between the rich and varied life and vivid colouring of our season of "green things growing" and the dead monotony of endless white into which the touch of winter transforms the scene.

THE CITY HALL, OTTAWA.—The Parliament Building have almost monopolized attention as the great architectural feature of our Dominion capital. But though supreme among Ottawa's public edifices, that grand pile is not by any means the only structure that invites the visitor's admiration. Our capital is a place of many and varied attractions both of nature and art. It has, like our other cities, its tasteful churches, its stately seats of learning, its solid and handsome bank and insurance buildings, not to speak of factories, stores, hotels, and private residences, some of which reveal the taste as well as the wealth of the owners. The history of Ottawa as a municipality and as a centre of industry and trade is no less interesting than its record as a seat of government. The story of the early settlement of the district by Philemon Wright and of the enterprise and energy of Nicholas Sparks is well supplemented by the perseverance and determination of Col. By, R.E., whose name was long borne by the little town that he founded in 1827. When the century had doubled its age, the seeming tautology of Bytown was discarded and the name of "the noble river that rolls by the towers" that are its glory to-day, was adopted in its stead. In 1858, in order to end the inconvenient circuit system, which was our punishment for a rash and brutal deed, the selection of the seat of government having been left to the Queen, Her Majesty made choice of Ottawa, thus ending a rivalry and a dispute that sometimes became sharp and bitter. The importance of Ottawa was of course greatly augmented by this decision, and when the federal idea took shape, and, in the course of time, it became the yearly Mecca of Senators and M.P.'s, representing a vast region, bounded by the Atlantic on the one hand and the Pacific on the other, as well as the permanent home of an army of department officers and civil servants, its character as a municipality acquired corresponding prestige. If not altogether what the Lord Mayor of London is to Great Britain, His Worship, who presides over the City Council of our capital, is a functionary whose rank in the civic hierarchy it is impossible to ignore. The building in which he exercises his sway is commodious and not devoid of taste. Its character will be appreciated by an examination of the engraving on another page.

JACOB ERRATT, ESQ., MAYOR OF OTTAWA.—Mr. Jacob Erratt, the present Mayor of the city of Ottawa, was born in West Winchester, County of Dundas, Province of Ontario, in the year 1848, and is now in his 42nd year. His ancestors belonged to the County of Wexford, Ireland.

a county which has given many hardy and enterprising pioneers to Canada. Mr. Erratt became a permanent resident of Ottawa in the year 1869. He had already spent a few years in the capital attending school and the Business College. Soon after his arrival he opened a furniture store, and by perseverance and the exercise of good business talent, he has, from time to time, been enabled to enlarge his establishment, until at present it is one of the most extensive of its kind in the Province of Ontario. In the year 1882 Mr. Erratt was elected an alderman for St. George's Ward, continuing in office in 1883-84. In 1888 he was again returned for his old seat, the electors of St. George's Ward having had from first to last every confidence in his ability and integrity. During his various terms of office as alderman, Mr. Erratt occupied the important and responsible position of chairman of the Finance Committee of the City Council for three years, the onerous duties pertaining to which position he discharged to the satisfaction of the Council and that of all interested in business with the corporation. During the greater part of the year 1888, Mr. Erratt, being then the chairman of the Finance Committee, was appointed Acting Mayor during the absence of Mayor McLeod Stewart in Europe. In the year 1889 he was elected Mayor, and at the late municipal election he was re-elected Mayor of Ottawa for 1890 by a majority of 1,195 votes. During his long period of service in the City Council, Mr. Erratt has always taken an active and intelligent part in all questions in which the interests of the city were involved, being ever a consistent and determined advocate of necessary and permanent improvements. Mr. Erratt also took an active and laborious part in the question of municipal extension, which resulted two years ago in the addition of the growing villages of Stewartown and Rochesterville to the city limits. He was also one of the principal agents in the city of Ottawa in the present agitation for the abolition of tax exemptions. As Chief Magistrate, citizen and business man, Mayor Erratt enjoys the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens. In politics Mr. Erratt is a Conservative.

BLOMIDON.

This is that black rock bastion, based in surge,
Pregnant with agate and with amethyst,
Whose foot the tides of storied Minas scourge,
Whose top austere withdraws into its mist.

This is that ancient cape of tears and storm,
Whose towering front inviolable frowns
O'er vales Evangeline and love keep warm—
Whose fame thy song, O tender singer, crowns.
Yonder, across these reeling fields of foam,
Came the sad threat of the avenging ships.
What profit now to know if just the doom,
Though harsh! The streaming eyes, the praying lips,
The shadow of inextinguishable pain,
The poet's deathless music—these remain!

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

AS OTHERS SEE HIM.

In his lately published book on men and things in the new world, Sir Charles Dilke thus depicts the Premier of the Dominion:—"The position of personal influence which Sir John Macdonald holds in the Dominion is unique among the politicians of the British Empire. If it were possible to institute a comparison between a colonial possession and a first-class European power, Sir John Macdonald's position in Canada might be likened to that of Prince Bismarck in the German Empire. In personal characteristics there is much in "John A." as he is often styled, to remind one of another European statesmen now deceased—Signor Depretis, the late Prime Minister of Italy—for there are certainly not a few points of resemblance between "The Old Stradella" and "Old Tomorrow," as Sir John is also familiarly called from his custom of putting off disagreeable matters. The Prime Minister of the Dominion is frequently likened to Mr. Disraeli, but this is chiefly a matter of facial similarity, a point in which the resemblance is striking. The first time that I saw Sir John Macdonald was shortly after Lord Beaconsfield's death, and as the clock struck midnight, I was starting from Euston station, and there appeared on the step of the railway carriage, in Privy Councillor's uniform, (the right to wear which is confined to so small a number of persons that one expects to know by sight those who wear it) a figure precisely similar to that of the late Conservative leader, and it required, indeed, a severe exercise of presence of mind to remember that there had been a banquet from which the apparition must be coming and to rapidly arrive, by a process of exhaustion, at the knowledge that this twin brother of that Lord Beaconsfield whom shortly before I had seen in the sick room which he was not to leave, must be the Prime Minister of Canada. Sir John Macdonald's chief note is his expansiveness, and the main point of difference from Disraeli is the contrast between his buoyancy and the well known sphinx attitude. Macdonald is the life and soul of every gathering in which he takes a part and in the exuberance of his antique youthfulness Sir John Macdonald resembles less Mr. Disraeli than Mr. Gladstone, whose junior he is by a few days more than five years and whom he also successfully follows in House of Commons tactics of adroitness as well as in his detestation of those who keep him past midnight chained to his House of Commons seat."

OUR CANADIAN INDUSTRIES.

V. THE DAIRY.

We have already from time to time made reference to the extraordinary growth of the dairy industry of Canada, and more especially of cheese making. Some of our readers can, doubtless, remember when in all Canada there was not a cheese factory. According to the report of the Ontario Agricultural Commission, the lead in this enterprise was taken by Mr. H. Torrington, of Oxford County, the first establishment being started in 1864. About the same time the system was introduced into the Eastern Townships—Mississquoi being, we believe, the county that set the good example. Even after the introduction of the factory plan, the export of cheese from Canada was for years an insignificant item in our trade. Compared with the export of butter, it held an inconsiderable place. In the last year of the Union régime the cheese exported had a value of only \$123,490; in the same year (1866) that of butter was estimated at \$2,094,979. But every year thereafter cheese gained, while butter lost in the race. In 1873 the figures stood as follows: Export of cheese valued at \$2,280,412; export of butter, \$2,808,979. In the following year the balance had gone down on the other side, the cheese export being \$3,523,201; that of butter \$2,620,305. Had butter maintained a place in our export tables corresponding (as compared with cheese) to these figures, while our cheese continued, as it has done, to grow in favour in the foreign markets, we might congratulate ourselves on the double triumph. But, unhappily, just in proportion as Canadian cheese rose in reputation, Canadian butter declined. In 1879 the value of Canadian cheese sent out of the country was \$3,790,300, while that of butter was only \$2,101,895. Five years afterwards the export of cheese had increased to \$6,451,870, while that of butter had declined to \$1,705,817. In the year ending June last the disproportion was still more significant, the export of Canadian cheese having a value of \$9,517,250, while that of butter stands at \$392,655.

The extraordinary development in the production and export of our Canadian cheese was mainly due to the energy, enterprise and faculty of making the most of their advantages that qualified a few leading dairymen of the Dominion. Of these public-spirited and practical Canadians there is none who has done more to advance and improve the cheese manufacture of the country than what has been achieved by the president of the Dominion Dairymen's Association. Mr. D. M. Macpherson, of Lancaster, Ont., has been engaged in this business for twenty years. His father came to Canada early in the century, with his Scotch parents, and spent the greater part of his long life on the homestead, which, on his death in 1870, he left to his son David. In the following year (1871) Mr. D. M. Macpherson began to make cheese, using for that purpose the milk of eight cows. In the second year of his experiment forty cows supplied him with his raw material. In the third year the number was increased to two hundred, and in the fourth year he had three factories running. By constant yearly development his manufacturing establishments went on increasing until in 1889 Mr. Macpherson had in his charge no less than seventy cheese factories, consuming the milk of more than 25,000 cows, and yielding more than 5,500,000 lbs. of cheese. The value of this enormous output, at an average of ten cents a pound, would be considerably above half a million dollars.

Mr. Macpherson was the first on this continent to introduce the plan of delivering milk once a day (every morning) instead of twice a day, as had been usual before. To him also we owe the system of inspection and technical instruction. The supervision of so vast a business is a duty to task the administrative ability of no ordinary man. But under Mr. Macpherson's management everything runs smoothly, as though the whole system were but a single factory. He has also found time

to devote his thoughts to improvements in apparatus and implements. In 1883 he patented a milk cooler, and in 1885 a curd mill and a curd agitator. The curd mill has found an extensive sale, not less than 250 being sold last year. In 1886 he invented a whey faucet, and last year patented a cheese truck, a milk purifier and a cheese-box opener.

It was only to be expected that one who had, in so many directions, set the example of enterprise and wise management should take a leading place in the councils of the dairymen of the Dominion. Mr. Macpherson has been prominently associated with the dairying organizations of both Ontario and Quebec. He had a conspicuous share in founding the *Société d'Industrie Laitière* in this Province, and has for years taken part in the discussions of the annual meetings. In 1887 he was elected president of the Eastern Dairymen's Association, Ontario. In 1888 he was elected president of the Dominion Dairymen's Association, and at the last convention (on the 18th ult.) was re-elected to that important position. He represented Ontario's dairy interests at the Colonial Exhibition of 1886, in connection with which he has visited England several times.

The Dominion convention of last month will give a fresh impulse to this important industry. All the Provinces were represented, and not less than a hundred dairymen were present. The papers read were all of practical interest, and much attention was given to the improvement of our Canadian butter, so as, if possible, to raise it to the high standard that our cheese has already attained. The convention had the honour of a visit from His Excellency the Governor-General, who was worthily received by Mr. Macpherson, and said some fitting words of encouragement. The Hon. John Carling also took an interest in the convention, and was present at some of its sessions. The appointment of Prof. Robertson as Dairy Commissioner was welcomed, and gave general satisfaction to dairymen throughout the country. The following are the officers of the Dominion Dairymen's Association for the ensuing year:—President, Mr. D. M. Macpherson, Lancaster, Ont. (re-elected); vice-presidents, ex-officio, the presidents of all the Dairymen's Associations of the Dominion; secretary, J. C. Chapais, Quebec (re-elected); treasurer, H. S. Foster, Quebec (re-elected). Executive committee—Ontario, James Haggarty, North Hastings; J. S. Pearce, London, and James Bissell, Algonquin. Quebec, J. de L. Taché, Grenville, and A. McCallum. Nova Scotia, A. B. Black, Amherst. New Brunswick, S. L. Peters, Queenstown. Prince Edward Island, John Hamilton, Newperth. Manitoba, S. A. Struthers, Russell. North-West Territories, W. Thornburn, Broadview.

Finance committee—Messrs. D. M. Macpherson, Lancaster; J. L. Chapais, St. Denis, Kamouraska county, Quebec; P. L. Foster, Knowlton, and Professor Robertson, dairy commissioner.

We have already stated that the value of the cheese exported during the year ending with June last, was \$9,517,250 (95,36,585 lbs). Of this amount \$8,915,684 (88,534,837 lbs) was for native produce. The great bulk of this export (valued at \$8,871,205) went to Great Britain, which also received from Canada cheese of foreign produce valued at \$601,566. Of other countries to which Canadian cheese was sent the principal were Belgium, China, the West Indies, the United States and Newfoundland. A very small quantity was sent to South America. The value of our export of butter last year was \$392,655, of which \$331,958 represented native produce. Of the cheese entered among our imports (valued at \$631,593), the great bulk was *in transitu*, only \$16,046 being for home consumption. We may now confidently look forward to a rise in the appreciation abroad of our Canadian butter, as to that end, doubtless, our new commissioner will devote a large share of his energies. But, though the rank of our cheese has been well established in the markets of the world, we must avoid the mistake made twenty years ago, on the inception of the factory system, of giving inordinate attention to one, while neglecting another and no less important industry.



THE LOWER RIDEAU FALLS, OTTAWA, IN SUMMER.
(Topley, photo.)



THE LOWER RIDEAU FALLS, OTTAWA, IN WINTER.
(Topley, photo.)

MY VISIT TO AN ENGLISH COAL-PIT.

(CONCLUDED FROM NO. 86.)

"That door and the others like it," explained our guide, "shut off certain passages as part of the plan of ventilation. You find no difficulty in breathing, though you are seventeen hundred feet or more below the outside air, and nearly three miles from the 'down-cast.'"

"Where, then, is the source of fresh air? There are three hundred men at work in this pit day and night, from week's end to week's end, Sundays excepted, year in and year out. That alone is enough to poison the air of the pit, to say nothing of the gases that are now and then set free by the working."

"That used to be the state of pits in old times, and then colliers died in the prime of life of asthma, heart disease, consumption, and what not; but since the Hartley accident in 1862, the government won't have it. There used to be but one opening in the pits, the 'down-cast,' and though in the best pits that was divided through its length by a brattice, in order to make an inlet and an outlet, it was not enough, and two hundred and five men and lads died in the Hartley pit for want of fresh air, besides those killed. Now you see we have the 'down-cast' shaft, and at the other end of the pit as it were—two miles in a straight line across the fields in this pit, as you know, or nearly so—is the 'up-cast' shaft. We will go and see just now. (We were all leaning against the coal wall irrespective of dust or drip, for we couldn't sit down on the damp clay.) Well, from the 'down-cast' to the 'up-cast' the air is made by means of these doors, or 'stoppings,' as they are called, to pass along the workings in a regular and orderly manner, at the rate of a hundred thousand cubic feet a minute, and so a constant supply of fresh air is secured."

"Well," said one of us, "I don't see how it's done. Air won't suck or tumble down a shaft and pursue its way along extended underground passages itself, neither cold nor hot, and you haven't any big bellows up above to force it down that I saw, besides which, if you had, you couldn't make it travel far."

"Quite right. Yet it is the simplest thing in the world—when you know how. But come, the ladies would like to handle a collier's pick, I daresay, and have a bit of Durham coal to take home with them."

"Yes, indeed!" we cried, and we followed our guide into another cutting, where loose coal, the first we had seen in the pit, was lying about. A pick was found and handed to us. For my part I found it heavy and awkward, but I meant to get a piece of coal. I tried to pick into the black wall before me, but somehow the point always missed; then I tried the broad side, amid the rather audible smiles of my companions, but I might as well have tried to crack the side of a granite rock."

"Try here, ma'am, try here," kindly interposed our guide, and he indicated the sharp corner of the cutting, which I had not ventured to attack lest I should mar the symmetry of the collier's 'face.' I tried, and off came a piece as big as a walnut. I tried again, and yet another as large as my fist. With this I was fain to be satisfied, for "hewing coal" was hard work. Others having provided themselves with specimens of coal, we turned back, and, after a sharp walk along a broad cutting, became conscious of a light, and that evidently the light of a fire. Was the pit on fire? But no! it was not likely our guide would have remained so unmoved had there been danger. Suddenly he turned into another cutting and all was dark as before. After a while he stopped before another low door—I have not said that these doors were of pine, two inches thick and strongly barred—taking a key out of his pocket he unlocked it and bade us look in. We did so, and saw nothing but a cavern some ten feet in depth—its width and height uncertain, and its floor heaped with great lumps of coal and some "rock."

"That," said our guide, "is the beginning of a new cutting. How should you like to be shut in there by an accident and know you could never get out?"

"Awful!" we all cried. "But why have a door there and locked?"

"It's part of the ventilation-plan of the mine, and it don't do to play with scientific rules. Ah! many's the poor lad that's been buried alive in his own cutting by an accident."

Closing and locking the door with a gentleness evidently born of sad memories, our guide preceded us—all thinking solemn thoughts—to the glare-lighted road. We soon perceived that the warm red glow proceeded from an immense furnace of fire, some twenty feet across, on which a man was shovelling very small coal, or, as it is termed, "screenings," from a great hill of the same that lay before it. The combustion of this immense mass—which, to make a rough guess, comprised three or four tons—was perfect. It was a dense ruddy glow from bottom to top, and it awoke a wonder in our minds how the man who shovelled on the coals could stand the heat of it. But we perceived that, after having thrown on a few shovelfuls, he would retire beyond the range of great heat, and after a while throw on more. The quantity he threw on seemed, compared with the mass of fire before him, to be so insignificant that the question was asked why he did not make the fire up very high once for all and so save himself the frequent exposure to the heat.

"Well, ma'am, that's one of the secrets of proper ventilation. That furnace heats a certain quantity of air up to a fixed temperature, thus rarefying it so that it ascends the stack of the 'up-cast' shaft, which I will show you. But

sit down, ladies; here is a bench."

We sat down rather thankfully, for we were growing tired. Our guide went on:

"You see that if a quantity of air is rarefied by the heat so that it ascends out of the mine, the cooler air that has been guided by the 'stoppings' throughout the workings moves in to take its place, and so a regular and complete circulation of the atmosphere that descends at the 'down-cast' takes place. But it is necessary to be careful that the air is not over-heated, or else its expansion becomes too great—it will not ascend, and thus the ventilation of the mine is impeded. That is why the man only throws on so much fuel at a time, and that at intervals. A good deal of variation in the speed of the circulation of the air through the mine used to be caused by the variations in the temperature outside. For instance, if it were very cold when the air is condensed, or very hot when it is expanded, or if a gale were blowing when it becomes regular, all these difficulties are to a great extent scientifically met, yet not so completely that the inspector finds his important office a sinecure, and he often has to spend a good many hours in his dismal den here taking observations and making up his reports." And our guide indicated an opening in the black diamond wall, which we had not noticed. By the light of his lantern we looked in and saw a good-sized closet—dismal enough in its unoccupied state—in which was a chair, a desk, a cupboard, a somewhat elaborate arrangement after the style of a thermometer on the wall, and a recess blocked by a strong door.

"And does the inspector get his records from the man who feeds the fire?"

"No, no; something more accurate than a pit-lad tells the inspector all he wants to know. That thermometer you see has an automatic connection that registers its own variations. There is another arrangement that tells whether the air of the mine is pure or laden with gas or other exhalations. In that cupboard is a register connected with the fan-wheel you saw on the wall just behind where you were standing, and that tells whether the fire has been kept up to the right point by the resolutions it records. You see the wheel is so placed in connection with the heated air that it revolves at a certain rate all the time if the ventilation is perfect, and thus by referring to the register in his cupboard, the inspector can check off the man's work. I can't show you the register for the inspector carries the key, and thus any dishonest tampering with the record by the stoker is prevented."

"Well, as you said, Mr. Johnson, it all seems very easy 'when you know how,' but there is a good deal of science about getting a lump of coal after all."

"Aye, ma'am; a good deal more than some folks think."

"And does the stoker, as you call him, spend the whole of his eight-hour shift down here by himself, with no one to speak to?"

"Oh, yes, mostly; but he doesn't mind it. He amuses himself by looking out for the inspector, who is liable to call upon him any time of the day or night, and sometimes a man brings his Tommy along and eats it by the furnace light as more cheerful than his 'cutting.'"

"Eats his Tommy!" repeated some one in a shocked tone.

"Oh, that's his baggage—his lunch. Pit slang, you know."

"And how would the poor man get out if there were an accident? By the 'up-cast'?"

"Oh dear, no. Come and see it!"

We went across the great square space before the furnace of fire, and at the side of the glowing mass we found a kind of cupola, up which we were bidden to look. It seemed as though we were gazing from the bottom of a deep narrow well. The sides—straight as an arrow and polished by the continuous passage upward of dust-laden damp air—shone as bright as a newly-blacked boot when the light fell on it, and, as it seemed to us, a mile or so above our heads appeared a circle of white light as big as a cheese plate,—in fact the opening was several feet across. This was the "up-cast" shaft, and any hope of escape for an imprisoned man that way died away as we gazed. Over the fire is built an immense chimney-stack that continually belches forth the smoke and steam formed by the combustion of the coal, which in all the northern coal fields is soft, or bituminous, though not so soft as our own. Again we realized what a solemn thing it must be to be shut in the depths of a coal-pit without hope of rescue.

"Well, I think you've now seen all I can show you, ladies and gentlemen," said our guide, "and so if you please we'll start on our way home."

"I should like to speak to the stoker and cheer him up a bit, if you have no objection, Mr. Johnston," said our minister, "and then we'll go. It would seem cruel to leave him without a word, that is, if it's not breaking rules."

"Not a bit. Here, Jack!"

The man came, looking hot and red through the coal dust that covered him from head to foot.

"Why, Jack Boddy, is that you?"

"Uts may, Mester Blank," replied the man grinning, but somewhat bashful in the presence of ladies.

"This is our infant class teacher at New Chapel, Mr. Boddy," said our clergyman in introduction of our new acquaintance, whereat Jack bowed a not ungraceful salutation, and a few words were exchanged with him by most of the party as to his work, his loneliness, his responsibility, and similar topics.

"Couldn't we have a little prayer meeting in commemo-

ration of our visit into the bowels of the earth?" said one.

"Capital!" said everybody. "What hymn shall we have?"

"I would like that good old hymn, 'My God the Spring of all My Joys.' It seems so appropriate to our helpless position down here and so comforting."

And so we sang as many a Methodist collier has done under like circumstances:

"My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights."

In darkest shades if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun,
Thou art my soul's bright Morning Star,
And Thou my rising Sun

With Thee conversing I forget
All time, and toil, and care,
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art there.

The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows His mercy mine,
And whispers I am His."

And then our clergyman prayed—for colliers and colliers' wives and colliers' children, for inspectors, viewers, fitters, weighers, 'lads'—meaning the pushers, drivers and trappers, who are the 'lads' of a pit—and lastly, for the stoker, the overseer and the engineers, who had been and were of our party that New Year's Day. On rising, we all shook hands with Jack Boddy, whose fire was asking for more coal, and turned our steps homewards. Through a perfect labyrinth of black and mostly narrow cuttings, we again took our way, until we found ourselves among

"Now, keep close to the 'face' on your right and don't be afraid, there's nothing to hurt you; but it's very dark and a great many trucks are standing here. This is a kind of station, to which the full trucks are drawn by the hauling-engine you saw at the bottom of the 'down-cast.' Come on! this way."

It was no easy work. We had to push ourselves between the trucks and the "face," and suddenly there was a cry! Some one had fallen. A lamp had disappeared, too, and it was dark as pitch!

"Come back, Mr. Johnston!" "Who is it?" "Are you killed?" "Oh, do speak?" resounded through the dark vaults of the pit.

Our guide was soon back, and a voice began to be heard from depths below: "I'm not hurt, but I can't find my hat."

It was our clergyman! near to some of us and dear to all. He had tried to pass on the other side of the trucks in order to allow more room for others, and had fallen down a graded way, that was some seven feet deep at its end, near where he was. Fortunately he was not much hurt, though somewhat shaken up, and his cheerfulness reassured us sufficiently to reconcile us to the long time he took to "find his hat," which had rolled to the far end of this dismal Avernus, and was not easily found by the light of a dim "Davy" held over the abyss; his own had gone out in the fall.

At length we found ourselves clear of the trucks, but among loose boards, stepping over which and up a few steps, we found ourselves in a small room, where there was a man with a lamp. Telling each gentleman to take a lady by the hand, our guide led us, two at a time, on to a small hand-bridge, beneath which yawned more abysses. But these were only the openings to another level, whence laden trucks were drawn on workdays, and none of our business. We were brought there to see two gigantic "reels," as much like cotton spools as possible. On these were coiled scores of feet of wire cable, and the reels were put in revolution by the hauling engine before spoken of. Of course they were at rest. The man with the lamp explained to us that these reels worked an endless cable, so that while drawing up one lot of full trucks, they were fetching back a lot of empty ones that had been up the "down cast" shaft to be weighed and emptied.

"But how do you stop the winding when you wish? Have you any means of communication with the hauling engine?" we asked.

"Ah can do ut in a sicond bah presun' thess little 'break' wi' ma thoomb," the man replied, pointing out a small piece of wood, or iron, at the edge of one of the reels. "Yeh say aal oor machaney hes to be laike the stars, mighty weel hoong, und than ets izzy meniged."

A proposition in high Northumbrian which carried its own proof. Bidding our friend "Good-bye and a Happy New Year," we followed our guide along a wide cutting and suddenly found ourselves at the door of the hauling-engine room. Here we found the engineer was gone home, and having picked up our wraps, we turned a corner and stood at the bottom of the "down-cast" ready for our ascent. Mr. Johnston's signal to the engineer of the winding-engine seventeen hundred feet above telling him we desired to ascend not being regarded, we began to feel rather blank, and to speculate on what would happen if the engineer had gone home and forgotten us. Some were for rapping hard on the bottom of the shaft, and were the first to laugh at the futility of the plan. Others thought we might do very well in the engine-room for a few hours, if only our lamps, of which only two remained alight, did not go out. Then somebody tried to create a diversion by asking Mr. Johnston why the flooring of the great vault where we stood coped so greatly instead of lying flat. Mr. Johnston explained that it was the immense weight of the super-

cumbent mass of so great a depth of solid rock, and the great engines and works on the surface. It had been levelled several times, but the same effect always returned, and so the endeavour to secure a flat floor had been abandoned, and a heavy coating of hard brick had been laid upon it.

Then feeling the necessity of keeping our courage up, our repeated signals receiving no response from the engineer above, we talked about the shaft. This immense boring of seventeen hundred feet, we learned was bricked double throughout, just as we line a well, in a most thorough manner, in order to prevent any danger of falling rock, and at certain intervals it was strengthened by strong joists of the finest cedared pine. There is also a great deal of water broken into by a colliery shaft, that is, the small percolations that ramify the solid earth at all depths are interferred with, and it needs a pretty solid wall of brick to bear the constant action of the streams which, though they may be infinitesimally small, exert a never-ceasing pressure against it until they have worn for themselves passages to other outlets. The cost of such a shaft then is necessarily enormous, being from \$50,000 to \$400,000, a sum sufficient to give one a key to the immense outlay required before a coal mine can be said even to have commenced work. But now, the welcome signal from above was heard, down came the cage, and after a few minutes we found ourselves once more on "bonk" and in the light of the glorious sun, having been in the mine nearly four hours, and in that time having traversed seven or eight miles of "cutting."

S. A. CURZON.

THE GIANT SUN.

Look toward the south any clear night during the winter months, and you will see, low down, a star which will immediately arrest your attention, not only by its superior brightness, but also by its constant change of colour at one moment red, at another green, at another white. This is Sirius, the famous Dog-star of the ancients, the most brilliant star in the heavens, and the largest known orb in the universe. It is difficult to conceive that this beautiful star is a globe much larger than our sun; yet it is a fact that Sirius is a sun many times more mighty than our own. That splendid star, which even in our most powerful telescopes appears as a mere point of light, is in reality a globe emitting so enormous a quantity of light and heat, that were it to take the place of our sun, every creature on this earth would be consumed by its burning rays.

Sirius shining with a far greater lustre than any other star, it was natural that astronomers should have regarded this as being the nearest of all the "fixed" stars; but recent investigation on the distances of the stars has shown that the nearest to us is the Alpha Centauri, a star belonging to the southern latitudes, though it is probable that Sirius is about fourth on the list in order of distance. For though there are about fifteen or twenty stars whose distances have been conjectured, the astronomer knows that all of them, save three or four, lie at distances too great to be measured by any instruments we have at present. Astronomers agree in fixing the distance of the nearest star at twenty-two million of millions of miles; and it is certain that the distance of Sirius is more than three and less than six times that of Alpha Centauri, most likely about five times; so that we are probably not far from the truth if we set the distance of Sirius at about a hundred million of millions of miles! What a vast distance is this which separates us from that bright star; words and figures of themselves fail to convey to our minds any adequate idea of its true character.

To take a common example of illustrating such enormous distances; it is calculated that the ball from an Armstrong hundred-pounder quits the gun with a speed of about four hundred yards per second; now if this velocity could be kept up, it would require no fewer than ten million years before the ball could reach Sirius! Again, take the swiftest form of velocity of which we have any knowledge, light, which travels at the rate of nearly two hundred thousand miles per second, or about twenty million miles a minute, yet the distance of Sirius is so vast that it takes nearly twenty years for its light to reach us; so that if Sirius was suddenly to become extinct, we should not be acquainted with the fact till twenty years hence.

Bright as the Dog-star appears to the naked eye, in the telescope it appears as a mere point of light; and even in the largest telescopes constructed, though its light is greatly increased, a definite disc or outline, as is seen in the planets, is quite undiscernible; for if the power of a telescope was sufficient to "raise a disc" on the star, it would be almost an impossibility to distinguish it, owing to its great brilliancy; for as Sir William Herschel tells us, when Sirius was about to enter the field of view of his forty-feet reflector, the light resembled that which announces the approach of sunrise; and when the star was in the field of view "it appeared in all the splendour of the rising sun, so that it was impossible to behold it without pain to the eye."

Now, if astronomers could measure the disc of Sirius, they could from that determine its distance and measure its dimensions; but as no outline is appreciable, they resort to comparing the light received from this star with that which we receive from the sun, and by this means they are able to form some conclusion as to its probable size. After the most careful comparison of the light of Sirius, the sun and other stars, astronomers agree in fixing the volume of Sirius as exceeding our sun nearly five thousand times, and its diameter as exceeding our sun's seventeen times, so that the fourteen millions of miles!—*Chambers's Journal*.

PERSONAL

Major-General Laurie M.P., and Mr. Dickey, M.P., arrived at Ottawa on the 19th ult.

Mr. J. H. Desrosier has been re-elected by acclamation one of the councillors of Lachine.

Major Steele, of the North-West Mounted Police, and Mrs. Steele have been visiting Montreal.

Sir Adolphe Caron entertained the members of the Press Gallery, Ottawa, at dinner on Saturday, the 22nd ult.

Dr. T. Wesley Mills gave a very interesting lecture on "Foods" before the Natural History Society on Friday evening, the 20th ult. Sir W. Dawson presided.

Dr. Montague has been elected to fill the vacancy in the House of Commons caused by the unseating of Mr. Colter, by a considerable majority over the latter gentleman.

The Rev. W. S. Barnes delivered a most instructive lecture on the 20th ult. on "Robert Browning's Theory and Poems of Art." It was one of the Art Association course.

Lieut.-Col. Prior, M.P., recently presented a petition from Typographical Union No. 201, Victoria, B.C. A labour petition was also presented by Mr. Scarth, M.P., from D.A. 204, Knights of Labour, Winnipeg.

Mr. R. Leigh Gregor read a carefully prepared and extremely interesting paper on Pamphile LeMay, the Canadian poet and translator of Longfellow's "Evangeline," at the last meeting of the Societies of Literature and History of this city.

Mrs. Walker, late of Kingston, Ont., has been appointed matron of an English school at Cocanda, Madras Presidency, India, in place of Mrs. Folsom, aunt of Mrs. Grover Cleveland, who after nine years' service returns to the United States on a visit.

Mr. S. E. Dawson's series of articles in the *Week* on the Minority in Quebec has excited much interest throughout the Dominion, and has been favourably commented on by the press, though some of the Ontario journals decline to accept his conclusions.

Prof. Lawson has received expressions of sympathy from many friends throughout the Dominion on the bereavement that befell him in the loss of his wife. Prof. Lawson is no less esteemed and honoured for his worth in private life than for his great services to the cause of science.

The judges of fruit at the Fruit Growers' Convention, Ottawa, were Mr. O. B. Headman, of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and Mr. E. D. Willard, of the Western (N.Y.) Horticultural Association. These gentlemen expressed surprise and admiration at the magnificent display of pears from British Columbia.

Rev. Joseph Philp, pastor of the Methodist church, has the honour of being the first Canadian, in a class of 800, to complete the B. D. courses of the Chautauqua University. On the completion of the required B. A. work of a western college he has also received the arts degree. Mr. Philp has been offered work in the Boston Correspondence School of N. T. Greek.

Gounod, the composer, though he lives a very retired life, is generally glad to meet with young musical aspirants, for whom, if deserving, he always has a word of encouragement. To Miss Nita Carritte, of St. John, N.B., who had the honour not long since of singing before him, the great master was pleased to say that she had a great future before her. Miss Carritte has for some time been pursuing her musical studies in Paris.

Dr. H. G. Tillman, a graduate of the Royal Military College, Kingston, has received the temporary appointment of resident medical officer of the Kingston (Jamaica) General Hospital of 450 beds, pending his appointment by the Government to the control of a district of the island at a salary of \$1,200 per annum, in addition to what remuneration he may obtain from private practice. His official duties consist in looking after the district hospital and constabulary.

On the evening of the 20th ult., the Hon. Charles H. and Mrs. Tupper entertained at dinner the following ladies and gentlemen:—Hon. Senator and Mrs. Howland, Hon. Senator and Miss Sullivan, Mr. McNeil, M.P., Mr. McKeen, M.P., Mr. Daly, M.P., Col. Lay, U.S. consul, and Miss Lay, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Christie, Mr. J. Stewart Tupper, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Courtney, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pope and Mr. and Mrs. Berkeley Powell.

Prof. D. P. Penhallow, who occupies the chair of Botany in McGill University, has been elected president of the Dominion Fruit Growers' Association. The vice-presidents are Prof. Saunders, of the Central Farm, and Messrs. B. Shirley, of the Fruit Growers' Association of Nova Scotia, A. M. Smith, president of the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association, and A. McD. Allen, of Goderich. The finance committee is composed of Messrs. L. Wolverton, C. R. H. Starr and H. N. Dunlop.

At a dinner given on the evening of the 14th inst. by the Hon. G. W. Allan, Speaker of the Senate, the following persons were invited:—Hon. Senators Boulton, Clemow, Dever, Flint, Grant, Kaulbach, Lougheed, MacDonald (B.C.), McMullen, McKay, McInnes, McCallum, Merner,

Prouse, Poirier, Pacquet, Sutherland, Stevens, Vidal, Wark, Glasier, Montgomery, MacFarlane, Lewin, D. McMillan, Casgrain, Donohoe, DeBoacherville and Sullivan, Sir Hector Langevin and Hon. G. E. Foster.

Early in the present month Monsieur Labelle, Assistant Commissioner of Agriculture, Quebec, delivered an address on French immigration to Canada before the Alliance Française, of Paris. The Count Colonna Ceccaldi presided. M. Foncin, secretary of the society, in introducing Mgr. Labelle, spoke highly in praise of his labours in the cause of colonization. M. Salone, professor of history, who recently visited Canada, gave an interesting sketch of the progress of French Canada under English rule.

The Ottawa *Journal* thus welcomes to the capital an esteemed and able contributor to the columns of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:—"Mr. Thos. O'Hagan, M.A., Ph. D., who has recently come to reside in Ottawa, is delivering a course of lectures on 'Elocution' at the University of Ottawa. Dr. O'Hagan has also become connected with the editorial staff of *United Canada*, and is well known as a powerful writer. He has won golden opinions from many eminent men of letters, amongst whom are Oliver Wendell Holmes, Boston; Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education; Rev. J. J. Carbery, late Bishop of Hamilton, and J. G. Bourinot, LL.D., House of Commons." We wish Dr. O'Hagan success in his new rôle and home.

Mr. George E. Drummond, senior member of the firm of Drummond, McCall & Company, of this city, was married on the 20th ult. to Miss Lillie Foster Cockshutt. The ceremony, which took place at the Cedars, Brantford, the residence of Mr. Ignatius Cockshutt, was performed by the Very Rev. Dr. Carmichael, Dean of Montreal. The groomsmen were Messrs. T. J. Drummond and W. J. White, of this city. The bridesmaids were Miss Nettie R. Cockshutt, sister of the bride, and Miss Minnie McIntosh, of Minneapolis, in dresses of cream India silk trimmed with brocaded silk and ribbons. Miss Helen and Alice Cockshutt and Miss Jessie Kippax, nieces of the bride, acted as maids of honour. The ushers were Messrs. Ed. and Henry Cockshutt. Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, after a trip in the States, will start on the 8th inst. for an extended tour in Europe.

LOVE AND FATE.

The deepening of Disaster's night

Increased the brightness of her face,

As shines the moon with clearer light

The darker grows her dwelling-place;

But soon the fading rose revealed

That tears were flowing in the dark:

What Love was not allowed to mark

Was not from Solitude concealed.

Disasters never singly come;

Together Want and Sickness roam;

Affliction and Misfortune are

From one another never far.

Ot patient wife and fretful child

The famished looks drove manhood wild;

With madness marked he, day by day,

Weakness increasing to decay,

Bred by the pining, wistful mood

Of Prattlers craving toys and food.

Dusk after dusk deplored the perished

Prospects dawn after dawn had cherished.

The cheering voice and helping hand

Let hound and warrior to withstand,

Till in Disaster's darkest hour

Death made Despair's his dreary bower:

The darling of her dwelling-place

She clasps not in caressing arms,

Nor dreams of the developed charms

Promised by his unfolding grace:

He left her heart an empty room

Where Love deplores departed bloom:

In dreams beyond the rues sea

A dream that makes mortality,

Cliffs lashing here, there leaving sand,

She clasps him on the golden strand.

Temple Building.

B. C. MACLEAN.

A REVERIE IN DICKENS.

(DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.)

I read by the dying sunlight

That tale of life so brief,

On the calm, pale deathly beauty

I gazed with the old man's grief,

And the child-form lay before me

Like a gem from the mint of God,

Asleep; as a flower awaiteth

The Spring 'neath the harden'd sod,

And methought that in silence there liveth

A sorrow too sad for tears,

And a grave in each heart that growtheth

More green with the passing years.

A grave in our life's dark chamber,

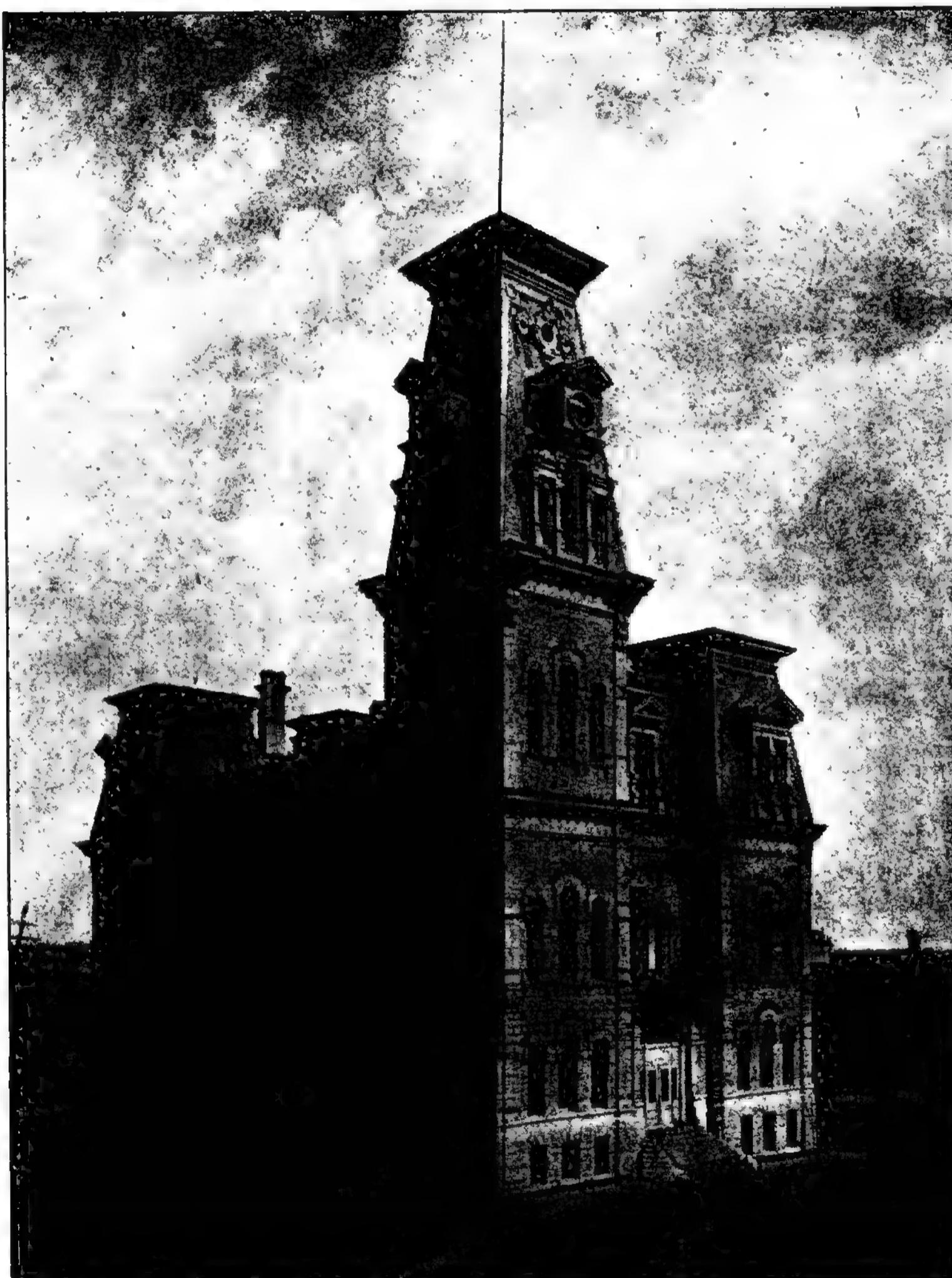
Where Love like Ophelia sings,

Where the worldly footsteps fall not

Nor the shadow of earthly things.

Montreal.

JOHN ARBORY.

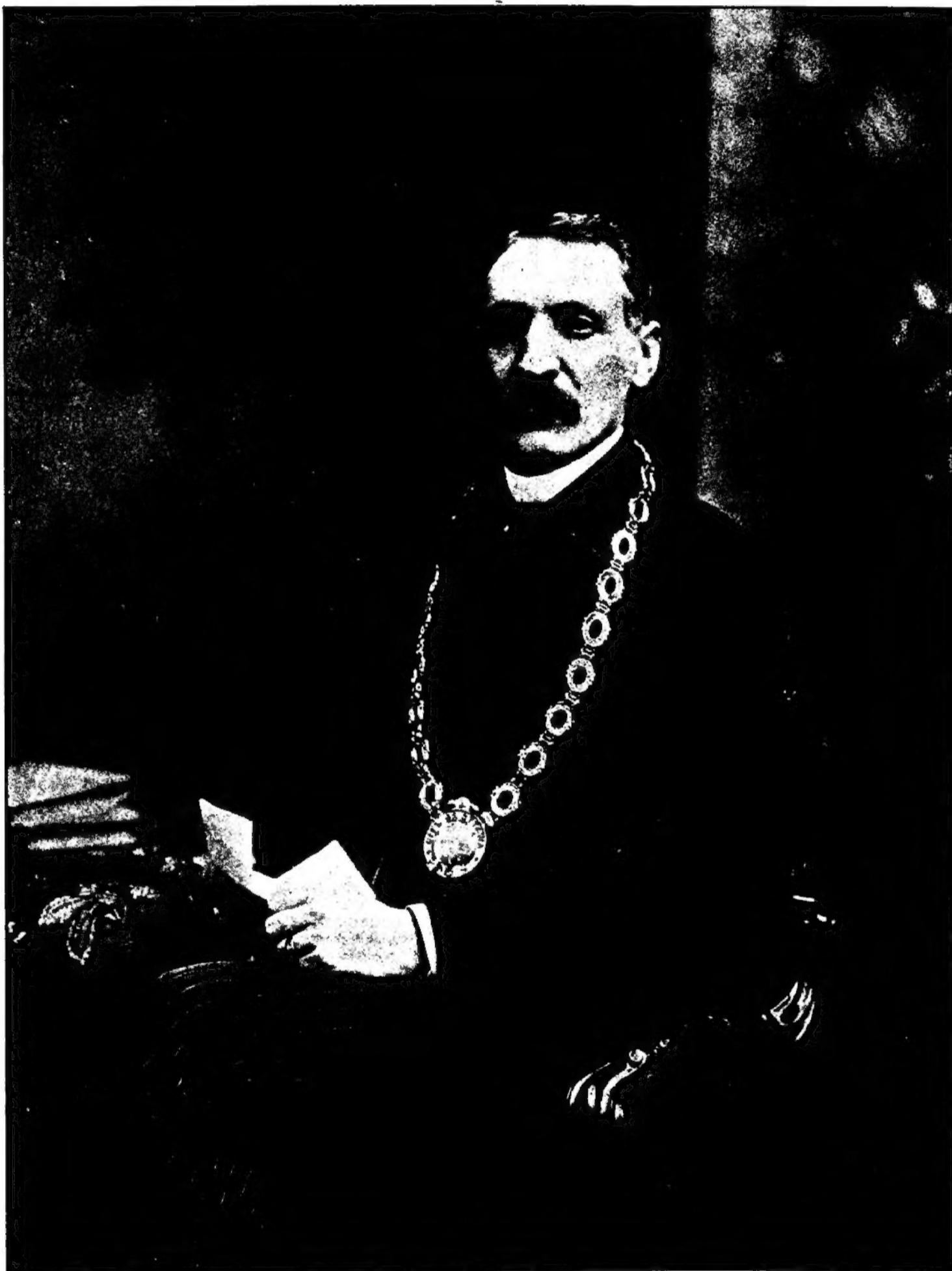


THE CITY HALL, OTTAWA.
(Topley, photo.)

1ST MARCH, 1890

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

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JACOB ERRATT, ESQ., MAYOR OF OTTAWA.
(Topley, photo.)

IN BYGONE DAYS.

A STORY OF AN ADVENTURE IN LINLITHGOW.

"What are we to do with ourselves to-day, Love?" asked I of my husband, as, standing on tiptoe, I gave him his morning salute, before going downstairs to breakfast. We had come across the Atlantic on our wedding trip, and had been sightseeing in Edinburgh for the last week or so. Being "strangers and pilgrims" in Auld Reekie, we were left very much to ourselves, and, unhappily had arrived at that stage of existence where the sweets of our own society palled on us, and, let me confess it, by this time we were both longing in the innermost recesses of our hearts for a break in the monotony of our placid bliss. Indeed, I am sorry to say, there was a sound which might have been taken for fretfulness in my voice as I repeated my question, "What shall we do with ourselves to-day?"

"Whatsoever you like, my dear," said that tiresome Tom, stifling a yawn. "We've 'done' the castle, as our American cousins would say, have attended service at St. Giles, shopped in Princess street, investigated Rizzio's gore in Holyrood, have examined the pictures in the Scottish Acad—!"

"Oh, don't go on," cried I, putting my hand on his mouth, "think of something new, do!"

"New! Something new in Edinburgh! Ye Gods!" here my husband rolled his eyes heavenward, "listen to this sacrilegious speech! Why, Nell," bringing back his gaze from the ceiling and again descending to converse with such an earthly being as his wife, "of what are you thinking. Something new in Auld Reekie, indeed!"

"Oh! Tom, don't tease," I cried, "let us get away, far from the madding crowd, and have a quiet day in the country."

"Very well," said Tom, tucking my arm through his as we wended our way to the dining-room. "But first let us have our breakfast and then decide what rural spot to favour with a visit—. Hullo! I say! he cried, as, turning a corridor, a tall young man rushed into his arms. "I beg your pardon!" ejaculated the new arrival, "I am very sorry." "Why, Hamilton, old boy, it's never you!" cried my husband, "Mr. Hamilton!" from me, and "Mrs. Lennox!" in tones of surprise from the tall young man. "Why, Lennox, from what corner of the earth did you spring?"

"From York, where we have been staying with my brother, Colonel Lennox," answered Tom. "But come into the breakfast room, and while we are having something to sustain the inner man I'll give you an account of our trip. Oh, Hamilton, show me the country in which you can get such a meal as in Scotland," and a comfortable expression steals over Tom's mouth which makes me shudder when I think that perhaps in the years to come I may be the wife of a gourmand! My fears, however, are allayed when I see him sit down at a table and commence to eat that wholesome fare which Johnson defines as "Porridge, a mess for horses and Scotchmen!"

"What do you intend doing with yourselves to-day, Lennox?" asked Mr. Hamilton, after we had chatted for some time. "Suppose, if you are not going anywhere else, you and Mrs. Lennox come with me to Linlithgow?"

"Capital! charming!" I cried, "just the very place and the country, too!"

"Well, hardly!" answered Mr. Hamilton, "for Linlithgow is a little town of itself, called the Royal Borough of Linlithgow. It actually possesses a Provost who claims the right to walk immediately behind royalty."

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "Now my schooldays fly back to my memory, and methinks I recollect learning that Mary Queen of Scots was born in the Palace of Linlithgow."

"You are right, as usual," said Tom, "and as we would like to investigate the ruins of this palace, suppose the three of us start for Linlithgow at eleven o'clock?"

Eleven o'clock arrived, and saw us comfortably ensconced in a railway carriage speeding out of Waverley Station.

We were a merry party, and negatived the old adage, "two company, three trumpery." How we talked of our dear Canada, and recalled to each other's memory different tobogganning reminiscences. For instance:

"Mrs. Lennox, do you remember the day Dick Carlyle asked you to go down Nenemoosha Hill on his toboggan? I'll never forget seeing him thrown immediately after starting, then pick himself up and, rushing madly down the hill, shriek wildly to the toboggan on which you still sat to 'stop! stop!'"

"When I think of it," I cried, "I imagine I can still hear the wind whistling about my ears! You know it was a very dangerous part of the slide, and I really expected my end would arrive before the end of the hill. Fancy, Tom," I said to my husband, "a toboggan without a steerer!"

Before I could get an answer, the train had slackened speed, and a few seconds after we had arrived at Linlithgow.

Mr. Hamilton seized a basket, in which the hotel people had put a *recherché* little lunch, while Tom, carrying a travelling rug and my shawl left me to act the useless but ornamental part of the procession and bring up the rear.

On coming to the foot of a hill, and seeing not far from me the ruins of the castle, I ran past the two men and had reached the gates when they had toiled half way up the incline.

"Laggards," cried I, mockingly, "what makes you so slow? Had I all your bundles to carry myself I would have been at our destination long ago."

"Come here, Madam Impudence," called my husband, "and we will make you verify your words!"

"Speak for yourself, sir," I answered. "Mr. Hamilton, I know, is very proud of the fact that although a man, still he has been of a little use this morning, and so will not willingly relinquish the basket even to me. Besides, were he to do so you both would fare badly for lunch, as I am getting ravenous. I talked too much at breakfast and neglected to eat."

"Lennox!" cried Hamilton, "your wife is the first woman I ever heard admit she talked too much. What a truthful treasure you have, man? Mrs. Lennox, as a reward for your veracity I think we ought to have luncheon at once; what do you say?"

"Yes, by all means," I answered; "but first let us go through this old chapel," pointing to an ancient ecclesiastical building which we rightly guessed to be the Church of St. Michael, where, it is said, an apparition of a man, clad as one sees in old pictures the disciples of Our Lord, appeared to King James the Fourth of Scotland as he knelt at prayers, and warned him not to advance on Flodden.

We entered the church, and were astonished to find it used as a Presbyterian place of worship, and could not help bemoaning the want of taste of the people who had whitewashed the stone walls, erected a commonplace organ loft, box pews and gallery, thus spoiling the appearance of one of Scotland's oldest churches.

After leaving the church we walked down to the Loch and admired from the distance the magnificent ruins of Linlithgow Palace. After strolling about for a little while we decided to have our luncheon before proceeding with our explorations, as the basket was considerably in Mr. Hamilton's way, and the clear atmosphere had given us all an appetite. So, in truly rural manner, we sat down on the grass and picnicked in a most unpretentious way. When we had satisfied the cravings of hunger we arose, refreshed, and ready to attack the castle.

Crossing the drawbridge, we found ourselves in the archway where the warders were formerly stationed. Passing through, we entered a large square enclosed by the great grim castle walls. In the middle of the square stood the remains of a beautiful fountain, and when we walked toward what had been the royal entrance we saw the scorched stones of the wall—a lasting remembrance of the manner in which this noble and historical edifice was demolished by Hawley's dragoons in 1746. Turning to the northwest corner, we entered a tower, and commenced to climb a spiral staircase which wound round and round to a great and dizzy height. At last we found ourselves in the turret room known as "Queen Margaret's Bower," where the wife of James the Fourth, waited and watched for the return of her foolhardy husband from Flodden. Then we descended and passed through the remains of rooms till we came to the apartment where Mary Queen of Scots was born. Nothing but the Royal Coat of Arms carved in stone over the mantel-piece was left to attract our attention. Then we visited the banqueting hall and priests' apartments, and afterwards the dungeons—fearful places, void of light, with dark stone walls and ceilings so low that in some parts it was impossible for my husband and Mr. Hamilton to stand erect; I, being smaller, fared better. Returning through the dark passages, we came to the jailer's room, and off it a smaller room, which I was about to explore when a gentleman, who was sketching quite near, sprang forward crying, "Pardon me, Madam, that place is dangerous!" And, lighting a match, showed, to my horror, a large hole just inside the door. He then explained to us how, in former days, prisoners doomed to a lingering death, were lowered into this awful pit, and thus forever shut out from the light of Heaven and human sight. On my husband asking him if he would allow us to look at his sketch, he most good-naturedly exhibited it to us. It was a most finely executed, although only half finished, drawing of the jailer's room as it must have looked three hundred years ago. The principal character in the sketch was a prisoner, a young man, who stood bound hand and foot in the middle of the room; his melancholy face wore a look of dogged inflexibility, and, as he haughtily stared at his captors, who surrounded him, apparently making merry over their unfortunate victim's awful plight, not even the terrible death which stared him face to face seemed to have the power to break that proud spirit. An open door showed the loathsome pit, lit up by a torch held by one of the guards, while in the background a number of men with ropes seemed preparing to lower the prisoner to his living death. The picture called forth a great deal of praise from us, and we were not at all astonished to hear that the artist was a member of the Royal Scottish Academy.

By that time we were very tired. So, after saying goodbye to our new friend, we left the castle and wandered down to the loch, where Tom and Mr. Hamilton arranged the rugs and wraps so as to allow me to sit down and rest, while they strolled quite near smoking their cigarettes and chatting. After a time my thoughts began to wander to other days, and with vivid imagination I pictured the arrival of King James the Fourth and his bride at the gates of Linlithgow Palace, which was part of the dowry of Margaret of England; then I thought of the beautiful and unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots as a little innocent child playing about the grounds of the castle, all unwitting her future tragic life and death. Suddenly I was wakened from my reverie by the blowing of trumpets, and looking toward the palace I saw, to my astonishment, numbers of men, clad in armour, running toward me. I called to my husband and Mr. Hamilton, who stood as though paralyzed gazing at the

fast approaching crowd who swarmed down the hills and gathered about the luckless men before they could answer my cry. For a minute or two the mob hid them from me, and when I again saw them their arms had been tightly strapped together with stout thongs of leather, and they were being dragged past me up the hill toward the castle. At this sight I, forgetting my fears, ran up to their captors and demanded haughtily "By what right they dared behave in this outrageous manner? That I would have them understand they were insulting Canadians, travelling for pleasure, who had come to Linlithgow sight-seeing!"

My only answer was a guttural laugh as they seized me and endeavoured to fasten my arms behind my back, and, in the attempt, nearly dislocating my shoulder. Of course I bit and tried to scratch, but to no avail, for on the leader of the party giving the order to "march" we were hurried toward the castle, which, no longer a ruin, but, in magnificent splendour, appeared the palatial building of long ago. From the tower floated the royal flag of Scotland, and as we neared the gates we were challenged by a sentinel, who, on the password being given, allowed us to enter.

Hurried through passage after passage, we at length reached the jailer's room, where our captors were overwhelmed with questions by numbers of strangely dressed men, who crowded round, shoving us about and making merry over our rage in most savage and strange language. Suddenly the babel ceased, as the door opened, and a tall man appeared who ordered us to be brought before "the King."

"What King?" demanded my husband, in furious tones, of him.

"Questionest thou the right of our liege sovereign James to be King of Scotland?" cried the tall man. "Then, minion, it is as we thought—thou art a traitor and a spy!"

"Don't talk nonsense," Tom replies, in quick, angry tones. "It is about time some explanation was made; for, as sure as there is law in Scotland, so surely shall you and these men suffer for this day's work!"

"Hold thy prate, knave! Thinkest thou by thy brazen talk to outwit me?" the tall man retorted. "To the King!"

Obedient his orders, we were again seized, and I, for attempting to administer another bite, received a sharp box on the ear, at the sight of which Mr. Hamilton and Tom both struggled to get free, and used very strong and emphatic language. We were then dragged along, offering resistance all the way, until we reached the room we remembered to have had pointed out to us in the morning as the Presence Room. Into this we were brought, and saw, to our astonishment, a magnificent throne, and seated on it a tall man of reddish complexion, surrounded by crowds of brilliantly dressed courtiers. As we entered, a laugh of ridicule from the gay assembly greeted us. My husband, enraged at this last indignity, freed himself with a mighty effort from the detaining arms of our captors and sprang towards the enthroned one, shouting:

"What does this tomfoolery mean. Answer, man?" and rushed up the steps of the throne, but was immediately seized and dragged back by the tall man who had summoned us from the jailer's room, and two young courtiers, one of whom struck my poor Tom a terrible blow on the mouth, saying:

"Take that, thou prating fool!"

A herald then jumped forward and blew a loud blast on a trumpet, and after the sound had died away called with a stentorian voice:

"Know ye, all men, that whereas these two men and yonder dame have been found prowling about our liege Lord, King James, his fair palace, and grounds of Linlithgow, and whereas suspicious instruments, suggestive of witchcraft, have been found upon them, it doth please our gracious Sovereign to examine the prisoners and mete out such punishment as shall be their due."

He then retired, and the enthroned personage, fixing an accusing eye upon my husband, asked in sepulchral tones:

"Thy name, minion?"

"Lennox," Tom answered, laconically.

"Ha! A good name! From whence cam'st thou?"

"From Canada," said Tom, and then added, "America."

"America! Methinks thou hast given it a new name when thou didst call it Canada. 'Tis but a few years since I heard of one Christopher Columbus having discovered a land teeming with gold, silver and precious stones, which he took possession of in the name of Ferdinand of Spain. But how got ye to Scotland?"

Here Tom's face really brightened; for, having enjoyed the ocean voyage very much, he never seemed to tire talking of it.

"Oh, we came across the Atlantic in the Cunard steamer 'Aurania,' and had a magnificent run of eight days," said he.

"Caitiff!" roared his examiner. "Thou hast never crossed the ocean in eight days! 'Tis a three months' voyage, at the least, and ye couldna sail sae fast, for where got ye the wins to blow the ship at that rate?"

"But we came by steamer," Tom answered, coldly.

"The arch fiend tak' ye himsel' if I ken what ye mean!" shouted the regal personage, stamping his foot with rage.

Tom, after a fruitless attempt to free his arms, said with a voice choking with passion:

"May I ask where you have been living that you have never heard of the wonderful Clyde-built steamers that have astonished the world by their speed, and gained the name of 'The Greyhounds of the Atlantic'?"

"Awa' wi' yon mon!" shouted the examiner to his attendants, who immediately rushed at my husband. "Tak' and rack him till his tongue learn ceevil speech to his superiors. And hark ye, caitiff," turning to Tom, "if ye tuld daur to lee again about our bonnie river Clyde to these men, they will gie ye a pretty twist turn, and roll that will make ye remember Scottish hospitality for mony a day."

He ceased speaking, and to my horror I saw these brawny attendants seizing my husband and drag him out of the presence room, taking no heed to my piteous cries and entreaties. Mr. Hamilton and I were now left to be interrogated by this brute who gloated over our unhappy condition, and simply glared like a tiger at my poor friend, who was, to my astonishment, quite cool and collected, and actually asked, with calm audacity, "Whom he had the pleasure of addressing?"

"Knowest thou not that I am James, King of Scotland, minion, and that I could, if I would, have thy head chopped off for poaching on my preserves!"

"Oh, indeed," answered Mr. Hamilton. "Then allow me to beg of you not to 'would.' But may I ask which James you are; first, second, third or fourth?"

"Neither one nor t'other, nor yet the third, but the son of the fourth, and known throughout the world as James, the Fifth of the name," said he, grandiloquently. "And now, caitiff, we will examine thee and see if thou art as much the De'il's bairn as thy comrade. What contrivance of the Evil One was that thou held'st in thy mouth that made the smoke and flame belch from between thy teeth? My guards do tell me the smell of brimstone was awful. See, we have here a part of it, although the fire is extinguished."

"Do you mean that half burnt cigarette?" asked Mr. Hamilton. "It is only made of mild tobacco, I can assure you, and is very soothing to the nerves. Allow me to show you my case." So saying, he handed the King his pretty little Russia leather and silver case. The King, opening it, took one or two of the cigarettes it contained and examined them curiously and with great caution, then asked in a hesitating manner:

"Where the fire was?"

"In my match box," Mr. Hamilton replied, handing him a neat little silver box which the King fruitlessly tried to open and then returned to its owner, who touched the spring. As the cover flew back, he took some matches, and, striking one, he asked permission to light a cigarette and let the King judge for himself if there was any smell of brimstone from what they seemed to imagine was an infernal machine. After some show of doubt the King granted his request and watched with great interest Mr. Hamilton puffing away. For a little time quite a silence reigned, until the cigarette was finished, when the courtiers and I were horrified by hearing the King declare he must, would and should try and see if he could manage to make smoke and flame come from his mouth as my friend had done, and in spite of all remonstrances he took a cigarette, and, after Mr. Hamilton lit it for him, smoked as naturally as though he had been used to tobacco all his life. But soon, alas, too soon, the reaction set in, and our ears were greeted with a terrific bellow, and we saw, to our astonishment, King James the Fifth of Scotland reel and stagger like an intoxicated man, and then rush out of the presence room as though pursued by the Evil One. Horror seized the courtiers, and for a few seconds they seemed smitten with dumbness; but soon the silence was broken and a regular clamour commenced. Several men followed the King, and as they passed us threateningly placed their hands on their dirks. Well did I wish myself out of the *mélée*, for I could see something would come of the smoking episode, as it was quite evident the King had been made ill by the tobacco and I felt he would wreak a dreadful vengeance upon us. Too soon were my fears verified; for, as I looked toward the door it was flung open, and the King, a miserable looking spectacle, very unlike the regal being who a little while before had examined us, was led by two physicians, tottering to the throne. His poor head sunken on his chest reminded me so forcibly of some of the passengers on board the steamer making their first attempt at promenading the deck after bad weather, that in spite of the gravity of the situation I gave vent to a nervous giggle. Hearing my unfortunate chuckle, the King slowly raised his heavy head and surveyed me from top to toe with blood-red eyes—in calling them this brilliant colour I do not exaggerate, and they were shown to full advantage by his livid complexion and pallid lips. As he looked, he pointed one trembling finger at unhappy me, and said:

"Woman! What call ye the fire that hound yonder used to light his witchcraft with which he poisoned me?"

To save my life and that of my friend, I could not help answering with the dreadful words "A lucifer!"

"I kenned it was an invention of the Evil One, and that I couldna resist it," replied the King with feeble tenance on his courtiers. "And now, dame, tell me what is this caitiff's name?"

"Hamilton," I answered in trembling tones.

"Hamilton!" re-echoed the King, astonishment and rage choking his voice. "Ken he not his life is forfeit for this presumption? That the name of Hamilton is an abomination to me? I see it all now. It was not witchcraft alone these traitors planned, but vile treachery. How dared he, a banished man—for have I not vowed to uproot the name of Hamilton stem and branch from our bonnie Scotland—to return with his evil companions and draw plans of the fortifications of our royal palace of Linlith-

gow. To the pit with the traitors!" he roared. At this command we were roughly dragged out of the presence room, the King and his courtiers following, to the jailer's room, where I saw Tom lying on the floor looking ghastly white and faint, a huge cut on his forehead, from which the blood trickled in a little pool on the flags. I was not allowed to go near him, but could hear the jailers describe how bravely he had borne the racking until I felt heartsick and terrified with a foreboding of fast approaching unsurpassed horrors. I saw them then go to Mr. Hamilton, who fiercely strove to free himself, and kicked out right and left at his assailants; but, in spite of his being a good football player, it was to no purpose, for in a short time they had him strapped up like my husband, and, fastening a cord around his waist, listed him to the end of the room, where a warden opened a door and disclosed the yawning pit into which I had nearly fallen in the morning. Slowly our poor friend was dragged to the brink of what was to be his grave, and then shoved over and lowered slowly down out of our sight. Not a sound was heard but the creaking of the rope and my half-suppressed sobs until the fall of a heavy body, as the executioner bent over and cut the cord, told us all was over. I had sunk on my knees and was muttering a prayer for our rescue and for our bright, light-hearted friend, when, to my horror, I was seized, strapped up and conveyed in the same direction as Mr. Hamilton. In vain I begged and implored them to have some little pity, and as I reached the fatal door, by a tremendous effort, managed to free my arms and grasp frantically at the executioner's neck, who vainly tried to free himself from my tightening clasp, but all to no avail, for I clung all the harder, until he drew his dagger, when, with an awful shriek, I let go and was precipitated between Earth and Hell.

Down, down, I sank, the dank smell of my living grave rising round me until my brain began to grow dizzy, and I turned my eyes up to the one little spot of sunlight which shone from the entrance. Suddenly it was partially obliterated, and I saw by the half light the evil executioner peering over. Then I saw him lift his gleaming knife to cut the rope, and before I could cry out, the deed was done, and I was falling, falling. Giving one wild clutch in the air, I awoke! Yes, awoke to find my husband and Mr. Hamilton bending over me.

"Where am I, and how did I get here?" I questioned, gazing wildly about at the Loch, the ruined castle and the chapel.

"By train, this morning, my child; and as it is now five o'clock you have had a fine sleep and dream, judging by the way you shouted and moaned. Hamilton and I were quite edified when we returned from our stroll."

"Tom, take me home at once!" I cried. "I detest this hateful spot, and won't stay in Scotland another day. No, don't laugh, please, for I can assure you if you had passed through all the dangers I have, and which I imagined you shared during the last hour and a half, you would be quite as frightened as I. Do tell me, has my hair turned white?"

SARA ELEANOR NICHOLSON.

THE TRAVELLER'S PSALM (cxxi.).

O dweller on the sultry plains,
Lift up thine eyes toward the hills,
Where health in height of summer reigns
By breezy glens and cooling rills.

From thence shall come thy help; all aid
Must come from Him, whose fittest shrine
Is mountain,—majesty, who made
Our human earth and home divine.

No stone shall dash thy foot, the Lord
Who slept not, though no gift of prayer
From hardened Israel out-poured
Shall sleep not when thou art His care.

The Lord shall be thy canopy
From the fire-shafted Eastern noon,
Asleep beneath the Southern sky
Thou shalt not fear the withering moon.

From all things ill, that peril life;
From all things ill, which hurt the soul;
From sins of ease, and sins of strife,
Thy footsteps shall the Lord control.

And be thou resting mid thy kin,
Or roaming on a far sea-shore;
Thy going out and coming in
The Lord shall keep for evermore.

DOUGLAS SLADEN in "The Quiver"

YOUR LAUGHING FACE.

Your laughing face has cheered me, friend of mine,
So gay it is, yet gently full of grace;
I say 'tis charming, yet,—who could define
Your laughing face?

Away, away the clouds of care you chase;
Lo, on your forehead there is ne'er a line;
Dull grief departs, because it finds no place.

The world shall love that delicate design:
And so I pray, that, while time flies apace,
You still may keep, though other gifts decline,
Your laughing face.

HUGH COCHRANE.

Montreal.

A FRIEND OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

Captain William Kennedy died at his home in St. Andrews, Manitoba, lately, aged seventy eight years. Forty years ago Capt. Kennedy was an object of interest in both America and Europe, having been selected to take command of the expedition fitted out by Lady Franklin to go in search of her husband, Sir John Franklin, in the Arctic Ocean. He was nominated by the Hudson Bay Company as the most competent person to command the expedition. The captain was at that time living in Bruce County, Ont., and, on receiving his commission, went at once to Scotland and sailed from Aberdeen, in the ship Prince Albert, in June, 1851. The expedition reached Edwin Bay, on the western shore of Prince Regent Inlet, in the fall, and spent the winter of 1851-52 there. From that point many important discoveries were made, and, among others, the most northerly point of the American continent, and the fact that a strait separated North Somerset from Boothia Felix, which was named Pellot Strait, after Lieut. Pellot, second in command. The knowledge of Pellot Strait, thus acquired, enabled Sir Leopold McClintock afterward to advance, and to make the successful journeys in which he discovered the first and only absolute proof of the loss of Sir John Franklin's expedition.

Captain Kennedy was born at Cumberland House, on the shores of Hudson Bay, his father being a chief factor of the company. When he was a child Sir John Franklin, during two of his earlier expeditions, wintered in Hudson Bay, and was a frequent visitor at the Kennedy house, where the explorer taught young Kennedy his alphabet and figures. When Kennedy grew to manhood he was called upon to go in search of Sir John, without any one knowing of their previous acquaintance, and when Kennedy returned from his two years' voyage, chance threw him in the way of a highly cultured English lady, a relative of Sir John Franklin, whom he subsequently married, and who still survives him. Captain Kennedy was chosen to command the expedition on account of his knowledge of Hudson Bay and other northern waters, which he attained while navigating in the Hudson Bay Company's trading boats. When he accepted the command of the expedition he had settled on the shores of Lake Huron in Ontario, where the flourishing town of Southampton now stands. But in his absence somebody jumped his claim, and he lost the property. He has since been in reduced circumstances. He has frequently lectured on his expedition, and has lived at St. Andrews since 1858, employed in storekeeping, farming and missionary work.

ANGLO-ISRAEL;

OR, THE SAXON RACE PROVED TO BE THE TEN LOST TRIBES!

That this extraordinary theory is still held even by educated men is evident from the following notice of a book lately published under the title in the heading:

The above is a title of a work of rare interest, containing in nine lectures the results of many years' research and study on this fascinating subject, by Rev. W. H. Poole, LL.D. The first of these lectures is a brief history of that monumental race, the Jews, showing this promise of their re-union with Israel and return to their own land. The second, which is in itself a complete exposition of the main points in the theory, deals with Anglo-Israel, or the Saxon race, the Ten Lost Tribes. In this we find what very many will be interested to see in print, viz.: the genealogy of Israel's sovereigns from Queen Victoria to David, and from David, through the long line of patriarchs to Adam, 150 generations. The third treats of Anglo-Israel and Philology, showing the broad base of Hebrew upon which the most renowned linguists have declared the English language rests. In the fourth lecture the traditions and practices of the druids are shown to be a perpetuation of the more ancient worship of Baal, brought from their eastern home by the idolatrous Israelites, who mingled the worship of Baal with the religion of Jehovah. Archaeology forms the title of the fifth, or keystone lecture of the series. Whatever might be thought lacking in the written history of these great events is fully substantiated by the wonderful record of the rocks strewn all along the way this people journeyed. The sixth brings to light the Stone of Destiny, now in Westminster Abbey, upon which all the kings and queens of Israel, Ireland, Scotland and England for 2,500 years were crowned. One of the most beautiful and eloquent passages in the book is contained in the seventh lecture, on The Harp, Ireland's seal and ensign for 2,000 years, which, though silent now at Tara and in Mount Zion, still waves upon the Union Jack. Nearly seventy pages are devoted to Our Gates, in the eighth lecture; and in the ninth the American Ensign and Official Seal, or the Eagle, the Stars and the Pyramid, are found to be one of the ancient banners of lost Israel. Thus Manasseh and Ephraim, America and England, with all her colonies, are proven to be indissolubly bound together as one in the bundle of life of the nations. The whole constitutes a volume of nearly 700 pages, in which the type, the binding, the illustrations are all first class. The subject matter may be equally commended. Rev. A. Burns, D.D., president of Hamilton Ladies' College, pays this tribute to the book and its author: "I must confess that I took up this work with strong prejudices against it. But having begun to read, the difficulty was to stop. The book fairly bristles with points and surprises that will carry the student eagerly to the last page. It is an eminently suggestive work. It will make the reader think."

What the Recamier Preparations are and why they are to be used.

Récamier Cream, which is first of these world famous preparations, is made from the recipe used by Julie Récamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

Récamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and unlike most liquids Récamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial and is absolutely imperceptible except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin.

Récamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches, is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after travelling, and is also invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving.

Récamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery, for gentlemen after shaving and for the toilet generally.

Récamier Soap is a perfectly pure article guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Récamier Cream and Lotion.

The Récamier Toilet Preparations are positively free from all poisonous ingredients, and contain neither lead, bismuth or arsenic.

40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, Jan., 1887.

MRS. H. H. AVER. DEAR MADAM: Samples of your Récamier Preparations have been analyzed by me. I find that there is nothing in them that will harm the most delicate skin, and which is not authorized by the French Pharmacopœia as safe and beneficial in preparations of this character.

Respectfully yours,

THOMAS B. STILLMAN, M.S.C., P.A.D.

If your druggist does not keep the Récamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from the Canadian office of the Récamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul Street, Montreal. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices: Récamier Cream, \$1.50; Récamier Balm, \$1.50; Récamier Moth and Freckle Lotion, \$1.50; Récamier Soap, scented, 50c.; unscented, 25c.; Récamier Powder, large boxes, \$1.00; small boxes, 50c.

HUMOUROUS.

MEPHISTO (behind the scenes): "Ha! what do I see? Only four wreaths thrown on the stage, and I paid for five!"

CHICAGO GIRL: Oh, pa, please buy "The Angelus." Papa Porkrib: Nonsense; no one in the family could play on it if we had it.

EVERY man thinks he is about right himself. An old Quaker said to his wife: "All the world is queer except thee and me, and thee is a little queer."

INQUISITIVE YANKEE: May I ask your views on the question of annexation? Haughty Canadian: We intend to annex the United States, sir, as soon as our English syndicates have finished buying it.

SUITOR: Perhaps, sir, you don't think I'm good enough to marry your daughter. Father: Perhaps I do. Suitor: Well, sir, I'd have you know that I've been refused by some of the finest young ladies in the land.

A GENTLEMAN who was blessed with a musical son-in-law, on seeing a joke to the effect that "the musician, like the cook, makes his bread out of dough," remarked:—"That may be so in some instances; but in my case the musician makes his bread out of me."

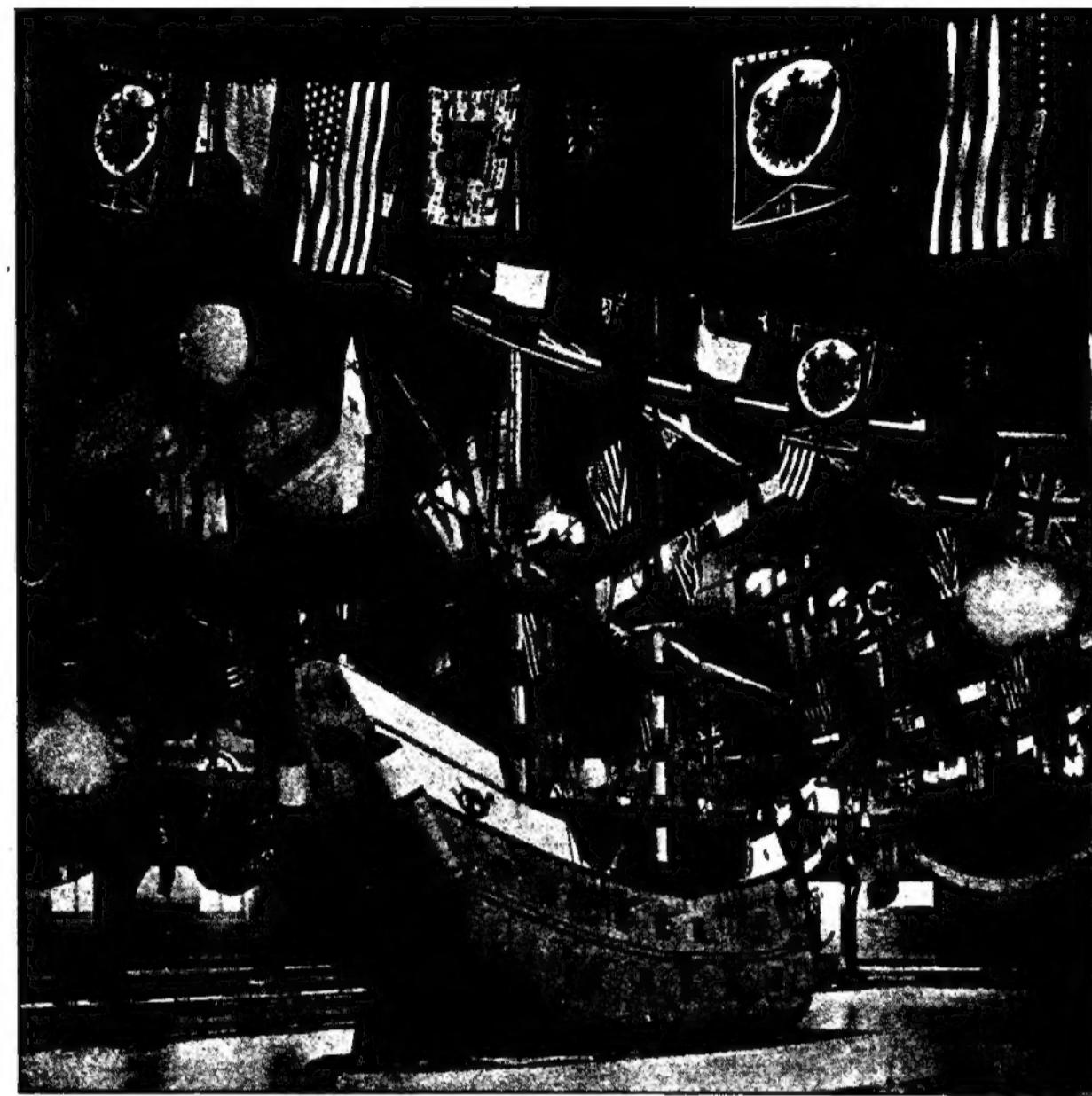
WIFE: Dear George, how does the smoking cap suit you that I presented you with at Christmas? Husband: I am delighted with it, dearest. It was very thoughtful, very kind of you to give me such a present. Wife: The bill for it has just come in. Will you pay it now, or shall I tell the man to call again?

"JANET," said the clergyman, "I have warned ye often; ye are ower muckle given to scandal. Ye maun keep yer mouth, as it were, wi' bit and bridle, as the Scripture saith." "Aweel, minister," replied Janet, "sae I hae always keepit a watch on my tongue." "Hoot, Janet! it maun hae been a repeater, then."

A BUSINESS man at Portland, Ore., sent his wife with a party going around the world, and when she got to China she sent him a cablegram to the effect that she had a dull headache, her corns bothered her, and that he must not forget that the cat must have a woollen blanket to sleep on o' nights. The cable cost him \$64.

CASTOR-FLUID
Registered—A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family, 50c per bottle.

HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,
122 St. Lawrence Main Street.



"LA GRANDE HERMINE,"

Jacques Cartier's Ship, as represented at the Victoria Skating Rink Carnival, Montreal.

(Cumming & Brewis, photo.)



HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the home steader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT
may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situated at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD
may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 1, 1889.

Manufacturers' Accident Insurance Company.

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